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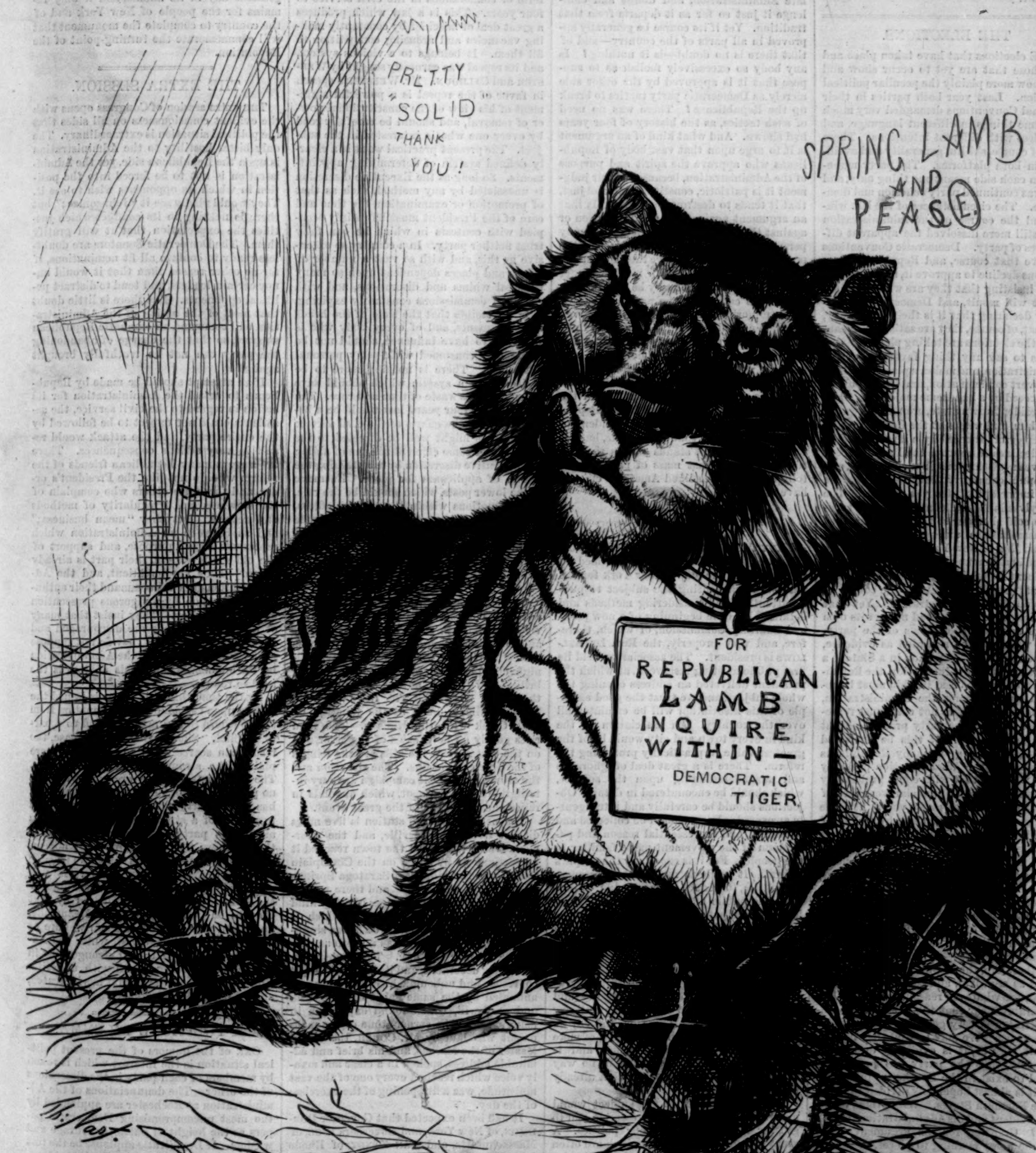
PRETTY SOLID THANK YOU!
SPRING LAMB AND PEAS(E).
FOR REPUBLICAN LAMB INQUIRE WITHIN— DEMOCRATIC TIGER
Th: Nast

THE MILLENNIUM.

THE TIGER AND THE LAMB LIE TOGETHER.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains several graphic pictures of the War in the East, with interesting descriptive text.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections that have taken place and those that are yet to occur show and will show more plainly the peculiar political situation. Last year both parties in their National Conventions demanded very much the same things in different language, and doubtless with different intentions. There was, of course, skillful generality and avoidance in both platforms. The party managers on each side meant one thing only, and that was continued party cohesion and dominance. The circumstances of the last winter and the course of the Administration have still more dissolved the apparent differences of party. Democratic Conventions approve that course, and Republican Conventions decline to approve it, many Republicans insisting that they are waiting to see how it will result, and Democrats complacently declaring that it is their own policy, and that, of course, they are satisfied. Meanwhile the elections are taking place. Maine refuses to say any thing favorable of the Administration, and makes a platform which is a covert condemnation, and the Republicans succeed by a handsome majority. Ohio, the President's own State, pronounces warmly for him, and winks at the Commune, and the Democrats succeed by a large majority. Iowa declines to approve the President, but approves a mischievous financial policy, and the Republicans carry the State. There are three important States yet to vote. The Pennsylvania Republican Convention turned the cold shoulder to the President, that of Massachusetts unreservedly sustained him, and that of New York as unequivocally insulted and denounced the Administration.

Eminent Republicans are reported as saying that party defeat is due to the course of the Republican Administration. Yet that Administration has violated neither its own pledges nor the declarations of the party. If the vote is to be regarded as evidence, and the result of the election in a State is a verdict upon the Administration, the Republican vote that was cast in Ohio must be regarded as approving the Administration, and the vote that was not cast must represent the force of the party protest against the Administration. If this be answered by saying that a great many Republicans who condemn the Administration probably voted, we reply that with equal probability the communism and financial weakness of the platform kept as many voters at home as those who were kept there by dislike of the Administration. In 1874, when there was a general defeat of the Republicans, it was ascribed by the more resolute party leaders to hard times. It was, however, quite as much due to the distrust and indifference produced by many things for which the party was responsible. For a party is a variable, not a fixed, quantity, and it is the shifting number that determines the party success or defeat.

If, therefore, the Republican vote be construed as approval, and the Democratic approval, for whatever reason, be assumed, it is tolerably clear that the cause of the Administration is very generally approved by the country. We may be told that however that may be, it is evidently destroying the party, that the party has practically ceased to exist in the Southern States, and that it is almost hopelessly divided in many of the Northern States. What, then, ought the President and his Administration to have done? Granting for the argument's sake that the party is going to pieces, ought he, in order to save the party, to have insisted on the old courses in the Southern States—which had lost all of them but two—and should he at once have committed the patronage in the States to the old leaders? Would this have saved the party? If this had been done, and the Ohio Republicans had made the very same platform on which they stood during the campaign, would there have been any the less a Republican defeat?

In our judgment, the President's course in the Southern States was wise, constitutional, and necessary. But let us suppose that he had been able to send troops to seat Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. PACKARD, would there have been any greater unanimity in the Republican party than there is now? Or suppose that, with his declared views of reform, he had continued in office at all the great centres the officers—however personally honest and officially efficient—who virtually composed the "machine," which is the evil to be abated, would the Republican prospects at the election be fairer? In other words, how much longer could the process of party alienation which had reduced us from the result in 1872 to that in 1876 have been continued with advantage to the party? It is not necessary to allege that every thing that has been done by the Administration has been wisely done. For those who deprecate its course virtually regret that it was not a continuation of the late Administration, and doubt and challenge it just so far as it departs from that tradition. Yet if its course be generally approved in all parts of the country—and of that there is no doubt—is it nothing? Is any body so excessively foolish as to suppose that it is approved by the other side merely as Democratic party tactics to break up the Republicans? There was no need of such tactics, as the history of four years had shown. And what kind of an argument is it to urge upon that vast body of Republicans who approve the spirit and purpose of the Administration, because in their judgment it is patriotic, constitutional, and just, that it tends to destroy the party? Is that an argument against the Administration or against the party? It was alleged by many persons at Rochester that the object of the managers there was to drive their opponents out of the party. But how much stronger would the Republican party be in New York and in the country if the part represented by the minority at Rochester should be driven out? We admit, of course, that if there be a contest in a party upon vital points, and the party is rent by the division, those who take the wrong side are responsible. If the result of the elections could be fairly construed as a Republican repudiation of the President, so much the worse for the Republican party; not because any President or any man is greater than a principle, but because the President stands at this time for the ends that a vast mass of patriotic, intelligent, and determined American citizens have at heart.

CIVIL SERVICE CLUBS.

MANY friends of a sound and reasonable system of the civil service have formed an association in the city of New York for the purpose of presenting the subject to public attention and considering methods and details. It is the beginning of a new political Sanitary Commission, of which, therefore, and very properly, the Rev. Dr. BELLOWS is president. The association held its first public meeting last week, at which the president delivered an address opening the whole subject, and we trust the good example of this association will be emulated all over the country. An association of the kind in every town and city would be of the greatest value in practically promoting the reform. There is a great deal of ignorance and misunderstanding upon the subject, which should be encountered in detail. Objections should be carefully and intelligently answered. Facts should be collected and presented, and the essential reason and patriotism of the movement made familiar to the people. For it is especially the people's reform. It tends to mollify the fierceness of politics, to reduce taxation, and to promote the public morality. It would politically emancipate the great body of citizens in all large cities, and it would release the minor office-holders from a miserable and unmanly thralldom. It would remove the stigma from the word "office-holding"—a stigma which comes from that thralldom—and give the civil service a dignity and character not unlike that of the military and naval service. There is, indeed, no question upon which there is need of more constant and general discussion, and it could be universally conducted in no way so well as by associations like that already formed in New York.

The consideration of the subject would naturally lead to historical research, and to greater familiarity with our politics. A great many foolish fancies, which are often supposed to be fundamental political principles, would be dissipated, and the practicability of changes that now seem almost preposterous would be made evident. At present, even among sincere friends of a reform, there is not entire agreement either as to the nature of the evils or of the remedy. There are many who believe that the most important point is certainty of tenure secured by irremovability except for cause; others who hold that the key of the position is appointment only upon impartial competition; others who would trust appointment to discretion, with rules excluding the officer from excessive party activity. These are but illustrations of differing views. But, on the other hand, there is a general concert among all friends of reform upon certain very vital points. The first is that appointments should be made for ascertained fitness only, and among all proper applicants. The second, that there should be a just system of promotion. The third, that there should be no removal without cause. The fourth, that there should be in the more important posts a proper probation. The fifth, that the tenure should be honesty and good service. Upon such points there is little difference among friends of reform, and these are undoubtedly main considerations.

One of the first practical steps in reform is the repeal of the law which limits the term of commissions in the civil service to four years. This is a law which produces a great deal of mischief by constantly making vacancies and arousing competition to fill them. It belongs to a vicious system, and its repeal was earnestly sought by WEBSTER and CALHOUN. Mr. WEBSTER'S speech in favor of the repeal is a powerful statement of his view of the constitutional power of removal, and should be carefully read by every one who is interested in the subject. The present practical want is a clearly defined system of determining appointments. So long as the Executive discretion is unassisted by any method, such as that of promotion or examination, the time and care of the President must be mainly occupied with contests in which he can fully trust neither party. In a country so extensive as this, and with so vast a number of offices and places dependent upon so many personal whims and discretions, and with the chief commissions constantly expiring, it is impossible that the time of the heads of departments, and of every body who is supposed to have influence, should not be incessantly consumed with petty personal differences. There is nothing more to be desired than a system which should save this monstrous waste of time and care. The repeal of the four years' law would be a beginning; and the efforts of the civil service associations might well be directed to the maturing of some efficient scheme of aiding the Executive discretion by ascertaining the fitness of applicants for place. Entrance at the lower posts, which should be the rule, and promotions within the various offices, would reduce the number of places to be filled so effectually as to break up the campaign of plunder.

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

THE most important of the Revolutionary centennial celebrations in New York was very successful in the great throng present and in the imposing display. The day was perfect. The air was warm, the sky well-nigh cloudless, the picturesque landscape brilliant with the autumnal colors, and there was no wind. The little town of Schuylerville is built at the junction of Fish Creek with the Hudson. The land rises gently on both sides of the river, and on the eastern side the hills are the fringes of the Green Mountains. The situation and the movements of the campaign are very intelligible upon the spot, which abounds in relics and memorials of the great event.

The nearest railroad station is five miles distant from Schuylerville, and the enormous crowd that filled the town reached it by carriage or by barge on the Champlain Canal. In the village of Saratoga Springs all the shops were closed, and there was an endless procession of carriages of every kind upon the road to Schuylerville, which is twelve miles away. The crowd was singularly orderly, and there was no serious mischance to mar the day. The little town was gayly decorated, and its hospitality was courteous and unbounded. Every body was animated by the same spirit of patriotism and good-will, which found expression in many ways. The corner-stone of the monument was laid by Mr. COUCH, the Grand Master of the Masons, and his brief and admirable address, spoken in a clear and manly voice which reached every one of the vast multitude, was a fit opening of the exercises of the day.

It had been expected that Governor ROBINSON, of New York, and Governors RICE, of Massachusetts, and VAN ZANDT, of Rhode Island, would be present. But illness kept them all away. The Governor of New York was represented by members of his military family. But as he had vetoed the appropriation for the celebration, a word of sympathy from him in the commemoration of so noted a day and event in the history of the State would have been fitting and welcome. Among the distinguished guests was ex-Senator FOSTER, of Connecticut, whose father was in both battles of Bemus Heights, and who told, to the great delight of the crowd, a characteristic anecdote of BENEDICT ARNOLD. ARNOLD was from Connecticut, and as he dashed, half mad with excitement, across the field, he passed FOSTER'S regiment. "What regiment is this?" he asked.

"Colonel LATIMER'S," was the reply.

"Hollo!" cried ARNOLD; "my old friends of Norwich and New London. Now, my boys, come on! and if the day is only long enough, we'll see the British in hell before night."

The speaking was necessarily curtailed so that very little of the poem of Mr. STREET could be read. He was well chosen for the task, for he was not only born upon the banks of the Hudson, but he has made an especial study of BURGOYNE'S campaign, and twenty years ago he delivered an oration upon the spot. Altogether the town of Schuylerville may well be proud of the greatest day in its annals, and it only remains for the people of New York and of the country to complete the monument that will commemorate the turning-point of the Revolution.

THE EXTRA SESSION.

THE extra session of Congress opens with the evident consciousness on all sides that the political situation is extraordinary. The only bitter hostility to the Administration is upon the Republican side, yet the Administration is not to be forced into the position in which its opponents wish to see it. They would gladly see it "Johnsonize;" but there is nothing in its conduct which justifies the expectation that it will gratify them. The Democratic Senators are doubtless ready to confirm all fit nominations, if for no other reason than that it would annoy certain leaders, and tend to distract political opponents. But there is little doubt that most of the action of the Administration will command an emphatic Republican support, so that the charge of abandoning the party can not be truthfully brought against it.

If an attempt should be made by Republicans to assail the Administration for its action in regard to the civil service, the assailants could not expect to be followed by the entire party, and the attack would result in very serious consequences. There are a great many Republican friends of the reform who do not like the President's order, and there are others who complain of the slowness and irregularity of methods and results. But they "mean business;" and as between an Administration which represents a good purpose, and support of the old spoils system, their part is already taken. They are impatient, and the Administration does not command their enthusiastic adhesion by a vigorous prosecution of its own policy. They insist that many of its natural friends are discouraged and become indifferent, but they do not suppose that the discomfiture of the Administration by its opponents upon this subject is the road to reform.

By the time that this paper is issued the debate upon the admission of Senators from the Southern States may have led to a party conflict. Should that be the case, the result can scarcely fail to show still more plainly the strange condition of parties. The Administration, we presume, will take no part directly or indirectly. Its position has been clearly indicated. The good-will toward it of a strong and intelligent class among its party opponents, especially in the Southern States, will probably appear. This will not mean that Democrats propose to vote the Republican ticket. It will mean only that the spirit and conduct of the Administration are considered by that class to be just and friendly. Meanwhile, no citizen who has the common welfare at heart need be discouraged, while the Administration will find itself stronger just in the degree that it pursues with unhesitating vigor the course which it has indicated, and which its friends expect.

A POLITICAL DILEMMA.

ONE of the humors of the present political situation is the interest which is taken by members of each party in the dissensions of the other. The denunciations of the Administration at Rochester are applauded by the most uncompromising Democratic papers as the height of patriotic courage and wisdom. If Democratic applause be the test of Republican infidelity, the Rochester leaders are as much exposed to suspicion as they hold the members of the Administration to be. On the other hand, there are Republicans who declare that they can not but admire the good fight made by the friends of Mr. TILDEN at Albany, and who see in the result of the Democratic Convention a position which self-respecting and consistent Democrats can not sustain. They expect, therefore, to see such Democrats refusing to sanction the slur upon Mr. Tilden, as the Democrats expect to see a large body of Republicans declining to ratify the defiance and distrust of the President expressed at Rochester. In each case it is a test of the power of the party name.

It is evident that the success of the Albany nominations would be construed as a total defeat of Mr. Tilden's ascendency in his party in the State. Nor is it less clear that the success of the Rochester ticket, nominated after the frankest display of contempt for the Administration, would be interpreted as the condemnation of the President's course. This would not be altogether a fair interpretation, but it is none the less inevitable. The negative policy adopted in Maine technically evaded this precise point, however significant the action there may really have been. The Albany ticket was nominated by a Convention in which the anti-Tilden element was practically supreme, as was the anti-Hayes element at Rochester, and if the question were personal merely, it would be readily decided. But it is not personal. The names represent things. The Tilden Democrat—meaning by that phrase, as such a Democrat does, the Democrat who desires more decent politics and honest administration—must ask himself whether he comes nearer to it by a victory of his party won under the leadership of the rings. So the Hayes Republican, or the Republican who believes the general course of the President to be essential to the public welfare, must ask whether it is likely to be promoted by Republican success under a leadership that rejects and condemns it.

The result in New York must in any case be somewhat delusive. The Democrats who are sincerely disaffected by their Convention will either decline to vote or will vote the mixed ticket. It is, of course, possible that this action might give the victory to the Republicans, and the result, although due to other causes, would be attributed to Republican opposition to the President. On the other side, there are many Republicans who would see in the success of candidates nominated upon a platform of distrust of the President the defeat of what they hold to be the truest Republicanism. In the same way, the defeat of the Albany ticket, although possibly it might be due merely to Republican indifference to the Republican ticket, would be held to prove that the Democratic party in New York is still true to Mr. Tilden. We are speaking of familiar facts and of probable interpretations of certain events; and whatever individual wishes and views may be, the justice of the statement will hardly be questioned.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME."

The story of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, by Victor Hugo, begins in this number of the *Weekly*, and will necessarily command general attention. It was substantially written at the time when every incident was fresh, and it is published at the moment that the eyes of the world are again turned to France. The vivid power which the readers of Victor Hugo find in all his writings will be found in its fullest measure in this work, which tells the story with terrible earnestness. Hugo was a victim of the *coup d'état*, and his fiery passion has full play in this record. His extraordinary and picturesque style is peculiarly adapted to the wild tale; and as conspicuous persons and familiar names pass across his pages, the reader will hardly know whether truth can be so romantic, or romance so tragical. Yet those who remember Kinglake's account of the *coup d'état* in his history of the Crimean war will feel that, however boldly Victor Hugo may color his picture, he can not paint it too redly. There is no French author who represents and typifies the condition of France so truly. He was the father of the sensational school, and is to-day its chief, and his long popularity is due to the fact that the life of France which he describes has been so long sensational. The *History of a Crime* will be profusely and strikingly illustrated, and it will be a memorable chapter in the romance of history.

WISE WORDS.

Mr. J. B. Erhardt, the chairman of the Committee on Rules and Discipline of the Police Department, has written a frank and forcible letter to Mr. John Kelly, in reply to a demand for a contribution to a Tammany Hall campaign fund. It is a protest on behalf of public decency and the manhood of the police. The Tammany attempt to extort money is an effort, as Mr. Erhardt truly says, fatal to the discipline, the *morale*, and the efficiency of the force. It is part of the odious system which puts up offices at auction, and which all honorable citizens should unite to overthrow. We see it said that one of the reasons for the Republican defeat in Ohio was that assessments upon office-holders were forbidden, and therefore very little money could be raised. If this be true, there could be no fact more illustrative of the subjugation of politics to the control of the official class. The honest and faithful officer of the government, whatever his position, earns all his salary, and he, and he alone, is entitled to decide how it shall be spent. The assessment is virtually robbery. The officer knows that if he does not pay, he is in danger of losing his place, and the one who pays most liberally and willingly, and who devotes the most of his time to political management, is surest of his place.

The argument is that the officers are more interested in the success of the party than any body else. If that be so, each man can decide for himself the amount and value of his interest, and meanwhile sensible men will do what they can to put an end to the system which makes a faithful book-keeper or messenger or policeman depend for his place upon a party success. If intelligent people do not care enough for the success of their party to provide for the expenses of elections, then they care nothing about their party, and there is no reason that it should succeed. The remarks of Mr. Erhardt are so cogent that they deserve to be attentively considered. He protests that the police force does not owe allegiance to any party by virtue of holding their places, and continues:

> "These men are constantly looking for promotion or preference in agreeable duty, or other official advantages. To secure these benefits they must rely upon fidelity and meritorious service, or upon political influence and favor. The efficiency of the department requires that they should rely upon the former. The present Commissioners, without distinction of party, have labored to induce them to do so, but we can do little if the powers who make and unmake Commissioners choose to tread again in the way from which has come so much disgrace, and nullify our efforts by representing to the force that partisan allegiance is to be the price of official preferment. The practice of requiring these political contributions, if persisted in, will be fatal to the discipline, the *morale*, and the efficiency of the Police Department. If our recent history ever repeats itself, and knaves and scoundrels find it easy again to overcome the good votes of good men by fraud and wrong, it will be due in no small measure to the fact that your committee lacked either strength or inclination to forego a vicious practice, which, for the sake of political control, corrupts and weakens that branch of public service that should preserve the purity of the ballot-box, public morality, and respect for law."

A MIXED TICKET.

A body of citizens in the city of New York, called the German-American Independent Citizens' Committee, of which Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer is president, has published a mixed ticket, made up of candidates from both the party tickets. They submit it to the support of all citizens who can not support either of the party tickets as nominated, and who wish in some practical way to make a protest against the action of both Conventions. Mr. Ottendorfer and his friends represent a large vote in the city of New York drawn from the Democratic party, and a hearty and well-organized support of the mixed ticket would undoubtedly produce decisive results at the polls, and especially in the city. The *Times*, in alluding to this ticket, very truly says that "independent citizens who object to the prevailing type of partisan dictation can only command attention when they take proper means to manifest their strength." In the present case, the time for the proper organization of methods to procure an expression ot opinion upon the mixed ticket is of course very short.

We presume, however, that the intention of its authors is to secure such results in the city of New York, and in some of the other large cities of the State in which there is known to be a sentiment friendly to the movement, as will affect the election. If such a ticket could be placed in every election district in the State and faithfully "worked," the results would probably surprise many ardent party managers on both sides. The Republican managers have certainly succeeded in divesting the canvass of enthusiasm, and suggesting questions that should have been put to rest. In the cloud of doubt which they have thrown upon the significance of Republican success in the State, one thing, however, is clear. It is the duty of every Republican to secure the nomination and election of Republicans to the Legislature who will support a fair plan of apportionment this year, and who will be independent in the Senatorial election of next year. If the Republicans had done their duty and had made a just apportionment last year, the question would have been out of the canvass this year.

The present situation is one of those which test political independence. The situation, indeed, is such that had the Republican Convention been held three or four weeks earlier, it is possible that there would have been an organized Republican opposition. That there is none is plainly not evidence of satisfaction or of acquiescence in the situation, for County Conventions in many parts of the State have openly or by implication condemned the action of the State Convention. Even in Broome County, the home of Mr. Giles W. Hotchkiss, a delegate to the late Convention, and one of the loudest advocates of the action of the majority, the County Convention passed a resolution of hearty approval of the spirit and purpose of the Administration. These are signs of the strong and earnest Republican sentiment in the State that rejects the declarations of the Convention and sustains the purpose of the Administration.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Chenery, the new editor of the London *Times*, is a very learned scholar, and for some years has been on the commission for the revision of the Old Testament. Mr. M'Donald, the inventor of the Walter Printing-press, succeeded Mr. Mowbray Morris in the business management of the paper; but Mr. Walter, the proprietor, has, since the death of Mr. Morris and the illness of Mr. Delane, taken chief direction of the establishment in all its branches. During his life no one will ever exercise the control over the columns of the *Times* that was exercised by Mr. Delane. Mr. Walter is a strong man in various ways; he possesses courage, is a good speaker, and has administrative capacity of the highest order. Mr. Walter is now the *Times*.

—Colonel John W. Forney retired on the 18th of October from the control of the Philadelphia *Press*, which has been in his hands since the commencement of its publication. For over a quarter of a century Colonel Forney has been known throughout the country for his versatility and power as a writer and speaker. During that time, also, he has been a power in the public affairs of Pennsylvania, and a conspicuous figure in national politics. Few men in the United States—perhaps none—have had a wider or more intimate personal acquaintance than he with its statesmen, journalists, authors, and artists; and the concurrent testimony of all has been, and will be, that in his withdrawal journalism loses one of its most capable as well as most genial and generous members.

—Speaking of Mrs. Harris: that lady, at the recent fair at Lexington, Kentucky, was awarded a premium for a piece of blue jeans made by herself in 1833. The interesting incident connected therewith is that from the same piece she caused to be made and presented to Henry Clay a suit of clothes, which was worn by him at Washington.

—Mr. Eli Thayer gave the following interesting reminiscence at Lawrence, Kansas, a few days since, at a meeting of the old settlers of that State: "I held," said he, "a meeting in New York, and urged with all the power I could the needs of Kansas. At the close of the address a young man arose and said that he was anxious to do something toward the abolition of slavery. He thought my scheme practical, and would give $1000. Through his influence I succeeded in raising $30,000 in three weeks. His name is one that no eulogy of mine can brighten, and no one's calumny can sully. It was William M. Evarts."

—A recent issue of the Boston *Times* contains an interesting sketch of the Boston *Saturday Gazette*, now under the able editorship of Colonel Henry G. Parker. The *Gazette* was started in 1813, and was the first paper distributed on Sunday morning in Boston. It encountered much prejudice, and although it soon won its way into a large circulation, many of the earlier subscribers stipulated for its delivery at the back-door. Colonel Parker became proprietor and editor-in-chief of the *Gazette* in 1870. Under his management its popularity and prosperity have been greatly increased. He is assisted by an excellent corps of associate editors and correspondents, and with their co-operation makes the *Gazette* one of the brightest and most entertaining papers in New England.

—The Rev. Dr. John Poisal, just elected chaplain of the House of Representatives, and for over fifty years a minister of the Methodist Church, was once a shoe-maker in Martinsburg, West Virginia, and studied theology while working on the bench. He was formerly a pastor in this city, and was connected for some years with the religious press. An interesting story is related of the conversion of Congressman J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, by means of a powerful sermon preached several years since by Dr. Poisal. Mr. Tucker is said to have been an avowed skeptic previous to hearing the eloquent pleading of the old circuit-rider, and in the recent contest for the position of chaplain the aged minister had no warmer advocate than the noted Virginia Representative. Dr. Poisal is almost entirely blind. He is said to know the Bible and Methodist hymn-book almost entirely by heart, his want of eyesight being compensated for by a wonderful memory and studious habits. He is said to be exceedingly sensitive about his defective sight, and has performed remarkable feats of memorizing to conceal it.

—A conviction of the avidity and care with which the "Personal" column of the *Weekly* is read in all parts of the country is borne in upon us by the letters that arrive daily from every quarter calling attention to an oversight in a recent paragraph on Senatorial terms of office. We herewith return thanks to the many friends who rushed so promptly to correct the error; and, to save further expenditure of paper, ink, and postage, beg leave to inform all who may be meditating a letter on the subject that we frankly concede that William R. King served twenty-nine years in the United States Senate, and that Thomas H. Benton was for thirty years without intermission a member of that august body.

—Of Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, and one of the ablest prelates of the Church of England, it is said that "on the days when he is due at his office at Manchester, for the redress of minor grievances and the transaction of routine business, he may be seen marching down from Higher Broughton with stalwart stride, carrying in his hand one of those little bags without which no Englishman's equipment is now held to be complete. He is very fond of the independence assured by the *omnia mea mecum porto* system. When about to preach for any of the clergy of his diocese he emerges from the railway carriage bag in hand, and can by no means be persuaded to transfer it to officious or obsequious hands.... One is accustomed to associate lawn sleeves with either a certain sleekness or rotundity, or an ancient and ascetic aspect. Bishops might be said to be popularly divided into two categories—dry bishops and oily bishops. Dr. Fraser belongs to neither of these, and is, despite his silk stockings and natty shoes, and his apron to boot, as little episcopal in his appearance as any gentleman our eye-glass was ever aimed at. Square shoulders, a tall straight figure, a bright candid gaze, a ruddy countenance, and a cheery voice convey to the mind rather the idea of an ex-dragoon retired from the army and settled down as a country squire, than that of a man who at one-and-twenty took the Ireland scholarship, and in the same year a first class in classics."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Forty-fifth Congress assembled in extra session October 15. All the Senators were present except Messrs. Morton, Sharon, and Spencer. Three new Senators—Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, J. Donald Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and D. H. Armstrong, of Missouri—took the oath of office. The House organized by the election of Samuel J. Randall as Speaker. George M. Adams was chosen Clerk; John G. Thompson, Sergeant-at-Arms; John W. Polk, Door-keeper; James M. Stewart, Postmaster; Rev. Dr. John Poisal, of Maryland, Chaplain.—The Secretary of the Treasury reported estimates of appropriations required for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, as follows: War Department, $32,436,764 98; Library of Congress, $22,800; Court of Claims, $1,206,453 90; Treasury Department, $273,891 29; Post-office Department, $700,000; Navy Department, $2,003,861 27; Judicial, $262,535 22; total, $36,906,306 66. Accompanying these, but without recommendation, are two others from the Secretary of War, viz., Forts and Fortifications, $2,078,000; Rivers and Harbors, $13,220,100.—On the 16th, the President's Message was received by both Houses. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, introduced a bill for the removal of disabilities under the Fourteenth Amendment, and the repeal of the act requiring an "iron-clad oath." In the House, Messrs. Rainey and Cain, of South Carolina, and Darrell, of Louisiana, were admitted to seats.—On the 17th, Senator Edmunds presented a resolution that a committee of seven be appointed to take into consideration the laws respecting the ascertaining and declaring of the result of the elections of President and Vice-President of the United States. The following changes, among others, were made in Senate committees: Mr. Ferry, of Michigan, was made chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads in place of Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, who retains a place on that committee as a member; and Mr. Hamlin was made chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in place of Mr. Morton, of Indiana, who retains his old place as chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. Senator M'Creery, of Kentucky, introduced a bill for the repeal of the Bankrupt Law. Referred to the Judiciary Committee. The appointments made by the President since the last session were submitted to the Senate, together with the nomination of General John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Senator Beck introduced a bill authorizing the payment of one-half of customs duties in legal-tender notes. The House admitted Messrs. Elam and Robertson (Democrats), from Louisiana, and Pacheco (Republican), from California, to seats.—On the 18th, the credentials of Mr. Spofford, of Louisiana, were referred by the Senate to the Committee on Privileges and Elections.—On the 19th, bills were introduced in the Senate authorizing the coining of the standard silver dollar, and restoring its legal-tender character; to amend section 146 of the Revised Statutes, relating to vacancies in the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States; to alter the times prescribed for holding the election for President and Vice-President, and casting the votes in the Electoral Colleges; to repeal section 4716 of the Revised Statutes, so as to restore to the pension rolls the names of all those stricken therefrom on account of disloyalty.

FOREIGN NEWS.

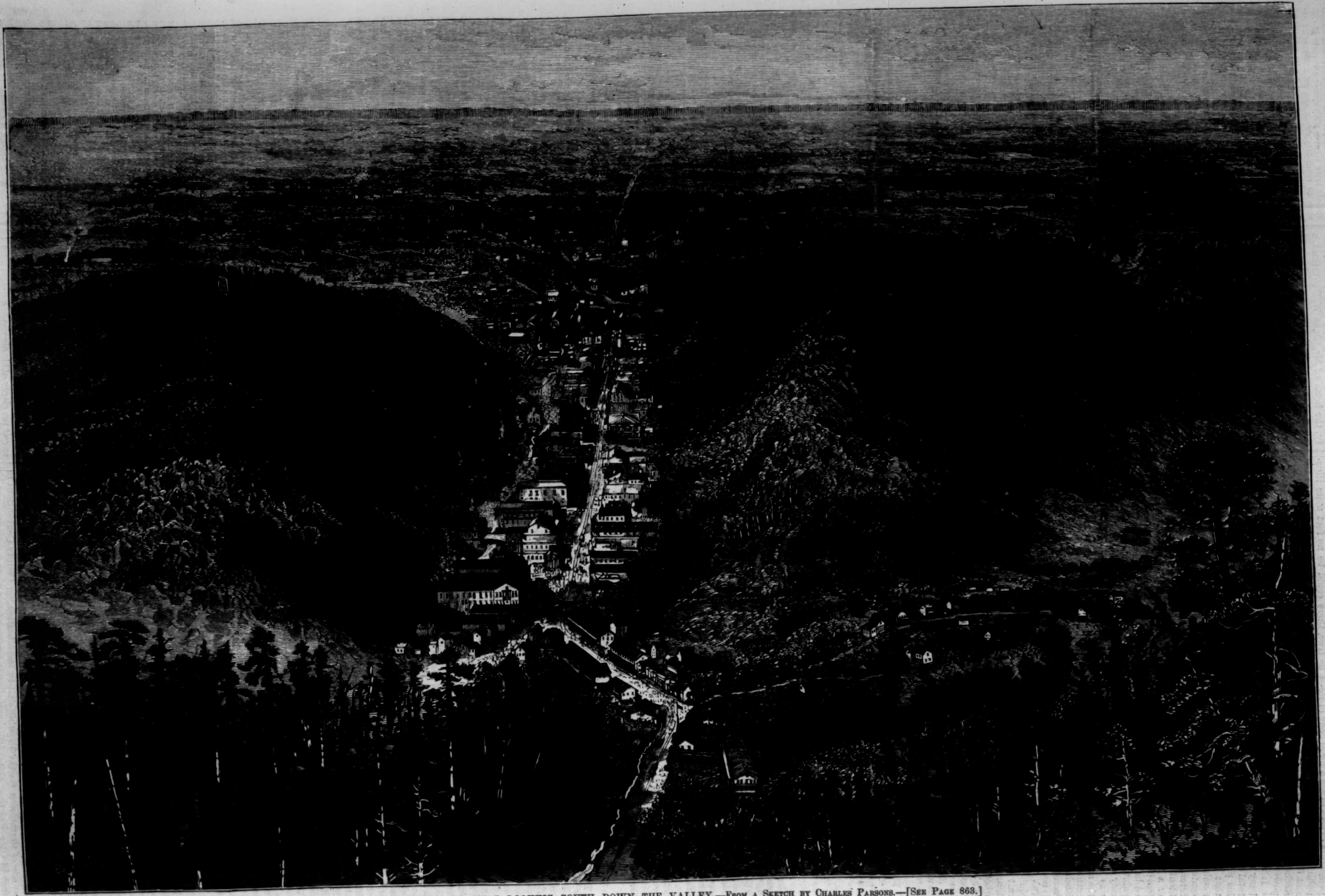
The Eastern War: The Russians achieved a great victory over the Turks in Armenia, October 15, utterly routing them, and taking several thousand prisoners and many guns, and driving the remnant of their shattered army into Kars. The Russian official report is as follows: "On the morning of Monday, the 15th, a heavy cannonade was directed against Olya-Tepe, which was the key to the Turkish positions. In the afternoon General Heymann, with about 10,000 infantry, carried Olya-Tepe by assault, cutting the Turkish army in two. The centre and left wing, under Mukhtar himself, retreated upon Kars, pursued by General Heymann, and harassed in the flank by General Lazaroff. Mukhtar succeeded in gaining the fortifications of Kars after a fearful rout, during which he lost a great number in killed and wounded, several thousand prisoners, and four guns. The three divisions constituting the Turkish right had meantime been surrounded and attacked, and driven from their fortified camp with great loss. Finally, at eight o'clock on Monday night, the remnant of this detached portion of Mukhtar's army surrendered, with thirty-two guns and a great quantity of material. Among the persons captured are seven pashas. Mukhtar Pasha is in Kars." Mukhtar Pasha thus describes his defeat: "Our centre, after being exposed for four hours to an overwhelming cannonade and incessant assaults, was compelled to retreat, leaving Awlias Hill in the hands of the enemy. The Russians then occupied all the strategical points in the direction of Kars, to which place we withdrew with one division to prepare our revenge. Another division, including the corps commanded by Rachid, Omer, Klazim, Moussa, and Chevket Pashas, continues to hold its positions on Kara Dagh." The London *Standard* correspondent reports that thirty-two battalions of Turks, four brigades of artillery, 100 officers, and 2000 horses were captured by the Russians. Among the killed are a son of the Circassian chieftain Schamyl, and the Turkish general of cavalry Moussa Pasha. The Russians estimate the total Turkish loss at about 16,000 men, together with great stores of munitions and provisions. On the 17th, the Russians advanced on Kars. On the same day the Czar, addressing the General Staff, declared that he and all the members of the imperial family would remain with the army, to share in the labor and fortunes of war, and witness the deeds of the soldiers. He concluded: "I myself will care for the wants of the army, and, if necessary, all Russia will, as once before, take up arms."

Elections for members of the French Chamber of Deputies took place on Sunday, October 14. There are fourteen districts in which second ballots will be necessary, and four distant colonies not heard from. Thus far the republicans have elected 314, and the conservatives 201. In the last Chamber there were 366 republicans and 167 conservatives.

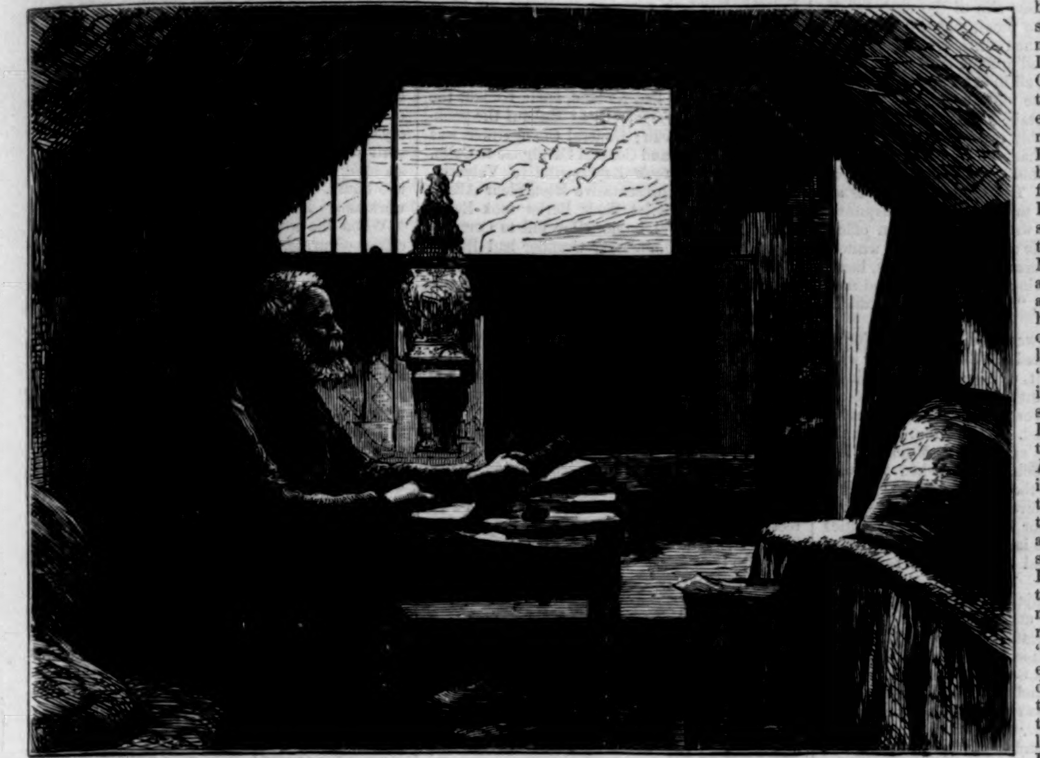
The Cleopatra obelisk, while being towed to England, was abandoned by the steamer *Olga*, on the night of October 14, in a terrific gale, off Cape Finisterre. The crew of the craft containing the obelisk were transferred to the *Olga*, but six of the *Olga's* men were drowned while attempting the rescue. The obelisk was subsequently picked up by the steamer *Fitzmaurice* ninety miles north of Ferrol, Spain.

The steamer *Knapton Hall*, of London, has been sunk at sea by an unknown vessel. Twelve lives were lost.

Two well-known Cuban leaders were surprised and killed by the Spanish troops recently. One was Señor Machido, President of the Cuban Chambers, and the other was Señor Larrua, the insurgent Secretary of War.



HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, LOOKING SOUTH, DOWN THE VALLEY.—From a Sketch by Charles Parsons.—[See Page 863.]



VICTOR HUGO IN HIS STUDY, HAUTEVILLE HOUSE.

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

PREFACE.

This work is more than opportune; it is imperative. I publish it.—V. H. *Paris, October* 1, 1877.

Note.—*This work was written twenty-six years ago at Brussels, during the first months of exile. It was begun on the* 14*th December*, 1851, *and on the day following the Author's arrival in Belgium, and was finished on the* 5*th May*, 1852, *as though Chance had willed that the anniversary of the death of the First Bonaparte should be countersigned by the condemnation of the Second. It is also Chance which, through a combination of work, of cares, and of bereavements, has delayed the publication of this History until this extraordinary year* 1877. *In causing the recital of events of the past to coincide with the events of to-day, has Chance had any purpose? We hope not. As we have just said, the story of the* Coup d'État *was written by a hand still hot from the combat against the* Coup d'État. *The exile immediately became a historian. He carried away this crime in his angered memory, and he was resolved to lose nothing of it. Hence this book. The manuscript of* 1851 *has been very little revised. It remains what it was, abounding in details, and living, it might be said bleeding, with real facts. The Author constituted himself an interrogating Judge; all his companions of the struggle and of exile came to give evidence before him. He has added his testimony to theirs. Now History is in possession of it. It will judge. If God wills, the publication of this book will shortly be terminated. The continuation and conclusion will appear on the Second of December. An appropriate date.*

I.

"SECURITY."

On December 1, 1851, Charras* shrugged his shoulders and unloaded his pistols. In truth, the belief in the possibility of a *coup d'état* had become humiliating. The supposition of such illegal violence on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte vanished upon serious consideration. The great question of the day was manifestly the Devincq election; it was clear that the Government was only thinking of that matter. As to a conspiracy against the Republic and against the People, how could any one premeditate such a plot? Where was the man capable of entertaining such a dream? For a tragedy there must be an actor, and here assuredly the actor was wanting. To outrage Right, to suppress the Assembly, to abolish the Constitution, to strangle the Republic, to overthrow tne Nation, to sully the Flag, to dishonor the Army, to suborn the Clergy and the Magistracy, to succeed, to triumph, to govern, to administer, to exile, to banish, to transport, to ruin, to assassinate, to reign, with such complicities that the law at last resembles a foul bed of corruption. What! All these enormities were to be committed! And by whom? By a Colossus? No; by a dwarf. People laughed at the notion. They no longer said, What a crime! but, What a farce! For, after all, they reflected, heinous crimes require stature. Certain crimes are too lofty for certain hands. A man who would achieve an 18th Brumaire must have Arcola in his past and Austerlitz in his future. The art of becoming a great scoundrel is not accorded to the first comer. People said to themselves, Who is this son of Hortense? He has Strasbourg behind him instead of Arcola, and Boulogne in place of Austerlitz. He is a Frenchman, born a Dutchman, and naturalized a Swiss; he is a Bonaparte crossed with a Verhuell; he is only celebrated for the ludicrousness of his imperial attitude, and he who would pluck a feather from his eagle would risk finding a goose's quill in his hand. This Bonaparte does not pass currency in the army; he is a counterfeit image less of gold than of lead, and assuredly French soldiers will not give us the change for this false Napoleon in rebellion, in atrocities, in massacres, in outrages, in treason. If he should attempt roguery, it would miscarry. Not a regiment would stir. Besides, why should he make such an attempt? Doubtless he has his suspicious side; but why suppose him an absolute villain? Such extreme outrages are beyond him; he is incapable of them physically, why judge him capable of them morally? Has he not pledged honor? Has he not said, "No one in Europe doubts my word?" Let us fear nothing. To this could be answered, Crimes are committed either on a grand or on a mean scale. In the first category there is Cæsar; in the second, there is Mandrin. Cæsar passes the Rubicon; Mandrin bestrides the gutter. But wise men interposed, "Are we not prejudiced by offensive conjectures? This man has been exiled and unfortunate. Exile enlightens, misfortune corrects."

For his part Louis Bonaparte protested energetically. Facts abounded in his favor. Why should he not act in good faith? He had made remarkable promises. Toward the end of October, 1848, then a candidate for the Presidency, he was calling at No. 37 Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, on a certain personage, to whom he remarked, "I wish to have an explanation with you. They slander me. Do I give you the impression of a madman? They think that I wish to revivify Napoleon. There are two men whom a great ambition can take for its models—Napoleon and Washington. The one is a man of Genius, the other is a man of Virtue. It is ridiculous to say, 'I will be a man of Genius;' it is honest to say, 'I will be a man of Virtue.' Which of these depends upon ourselves? Which can we accomplish by our will? To be Genius? No. To be Probity? Yes. The attainment of Genius is not possible; the attainment of Probity is a possibility. And what could I revive of Napoleon? One sole thing—a crime. Truly a worthy ambition! Why should I be considered mad? The Republic being established, I am not a great man, I shall not copy Napoleon; but I am an honest man, I shall imitate Washington. My name, the name of Bonaparte, will be inscribed on two pages of the history of France: on the first there will be crime and glory; on the second, probity and honor. And the second will perhaps be worth the first. Why? Because if Napoleon is the greater, Washington is the better, man. Between the guilty hero and the good citizen, I choose the good citizen. Such is my ambition."

From 1848 to 1851 three years elapsed. People had long suspected Louis Bonaparte; but long-continued suspicion blunts the intellect and wears itself out by fruitless alarms. Louis Bonaparte had had dissimulating ministers, such as Magne and Rouher; but he had also had straight-forward ministers, such as Léon Faucher and Odillon Barrot, and these last had affirmed that he was upright and sincere. He had been seen to beat his breast before the doors of Ham. His foster-sister, Madame Hortense Cornu, wrote to Mieroslawsky, "I am a good Republican, and I can answer for him." His friend of Ham, Peauger, a loyal man, declared, "Louis Bonaparte is incapable of treason." Had not Louis Bonaparte written the work entitled *Pauperism?* In the intimate circles of the Élysée, Count Potocki was a Republican, and Count d'Orsay was a Liberal. Louis Bonaparte said to Potocki, "I am a man of the Democracy," and to d'Orsay, "I am a man of Liberty." The Marquis du Hallays opposed the *coup d'état*, while the Marquise du Hallays was in its favor. Louis Bonaparte said to the Marquis, "Fear nothing" (it is true that he whispered to the Marquise, "Make your mind easy"). The Assembly, after having shown here and there some symptoms of uneasiness, had grown calm. There was General Neumayer, "who was to be depended upon," and who, from his position at Lyons, would at need march upon Paris. Changarnier exclaimed, "Representatives of the people, deliberate in peace." Even Louis Bonaparte himself had pronounced these famous words, "I should see an enemy of my country in any one who would change by force that which has been established by law;" and, moreover, the Army was "force," and the Army possessed leaders—leaders who were beloved and victorious—Lamoricière, Changarnier, Cavaignac, Le Flô, Bedeau, Charras. How could any one imagine the Army of Africa arresting the Generals of Africa? On Friday, November 28, 1851, Louis Bonaparte said to Michel de Bourges, "If I wanted to do wrong, I could not. Yesterday, Thursday, I invited to my table five Colonels of the garrison of Paris, and the whim seized me to question each one by himself. All five declared to me that the Army would never lend itself to a *coup de force*, nor attack the inviolability of the Assembly. You can tell your friends this."—"He, smiled," said Michel de Bourges, re-assured, "and I also smiled." After this Michel de Bourges declared in the Tribune, "This is the man for me." In that same month of November, a satirical journal, charged with calumniating the President of the Republic, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for a caricature depicting a shooting-gallery, and Louis Bonaparte using the Constitution as a target. Morigny, Minister of the Interior, declared, in the Council, before the President, "that a Guardian of Public Power ought never to violate the law, as otherwise he would be—" "A dishonest man," interposed the President. All these words and all these facts were notorious. The material and moral impossibility of the *coup d'état* was manifest to all. To outrage the National Assembly! To arrest the Representatives! What madness! As we have seen, Charras, who had long remained on his guard, unloaded his pistols. The feeling of security was complete and unanimous. Nevertheless, there were some of us in the Assembly who still retained a few doubts, and who occasionally shook our heads, but we were looked upon as fools.

II.

PARIS SLEEPS—THE BELL RINGS.

On the 2d December, 1851, Representative Versigny, of the Haute-Saône, who resided at Paris, at No. 4 Rue Léonie, was asleep. He slept soundly; he had been working till late at night. Versigny was a young man of thirty-two, soft-featured and fair-complexioned, of a courageous spirit, and a mind tending toward social and economical studies. He had passed the first hours of the night in the perusal of a book by Bastiat, in which he was making marginal notes, and, leaving the book open on the table, he had fallen asleep. Suddenly he awoke with a start at the sound of a sharp ring at the bell. He sprang up in surprise. It was dawn. It was about seven o'clock in the morning.

Never dreaming what could be the motive for so early a visit, and thinking that some one had mistaken the door, he again lay down, and was about to resume his slumber, when a second ring at the bell, still louder than the first, completely aroused him. He got up in his night-shirt and opened the door.

Michel de Bourges and Théodore Bac entered. Michel de Bourges was the neighbor of Versigny; he lived at No. 16 Rue de Milan.

Théodore Bac and Michel were pale, and appeared greatly agitated.

"Versigny," said Michel, "dress yourself at once—Baune has just been arrested."

"Bah!" exclaimed Versigny. "Is the Mauguin business beginning again?"

"It is more than that," replied Michel. "Baune's wife and daughter came to me half an hour ago. They awoke me. Baune was arrested in his bed at six o'clock this morning."

"What does that mean?" asked Versigny.

The bell rang again.

"This will probably tell us," answered Michel de Bourges.

Versigny opened the door. It was the Representative Pierre Lefranc. He brought, in truth, the solution of the enigma.

"Do you know what is happening?" said he.

"Yes," answered Michel. "Baune is in prison."

"It is the Republic who is a prisoner," said Pierre Lefranc. "Have you read the placards?"

"No."

Pierre Lefranc explained to them that the walls at that moment were covered with placards which the curious crowd were thronging to read, that he had glanced over one of them at the corner of his street, and that the blow had fallen.

"The blow!" exclaimed Michel. "Say rather the crime."

Pierre Lefranc added that there were three placards—one decree and two proclamations—all three on white paper, and pasted close together.

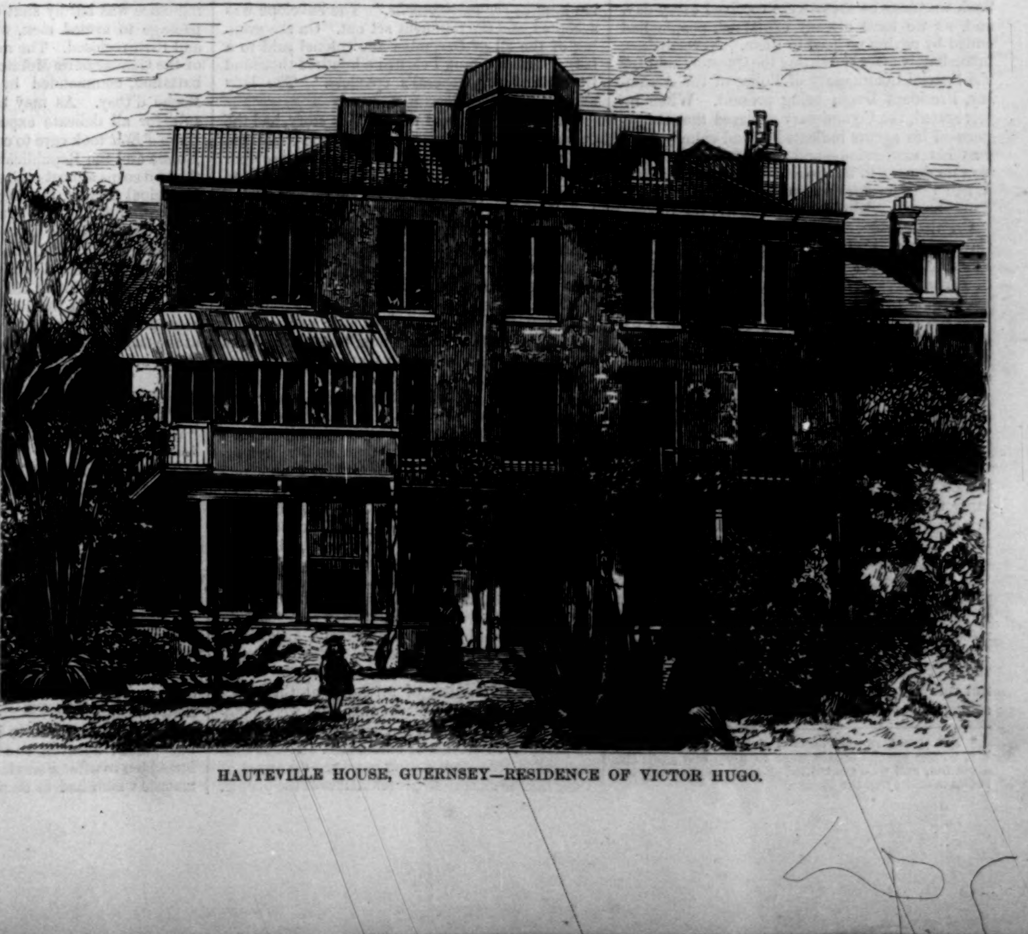
The decree was printed in large letters.

The ex-Constituent Laissac, who lodged, like Michel de Bourges, in the neighborhood (No. 4 Cité Gaillard), then came in. He brought the same news, and announced further arrests which had been made during the night.

There was not a minute to lose.

They went to impart the news to Yvan, the Secretary of the Assembly, who had been appointed by the Left, and who lived in the Rue de Boursault.

An immediate meeting was necessary. Those Republican Representatives who were still at



HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, GUERNSEY—RESIDENCE OF VICTOR HUGO.

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* Colonel Charras was Under-Secretary of State in 1848, and Acting Secretary of War under the Provisional Government.

liberty must be warned and brought together without delay.

Versigny said, "I will go and find Victor Hugo."

It was eight o'clock in the morning. I was awake and was working in bed. My servant entered and said, with an air of alarm,

"A Representative of the people is outside who wishes to speak to you, Sir."

"Who is it?"

"Monsieur Versigny."

"Show him in."

Versigny entered, and told me the state of affairs. I sprang out of bed.

He told me of the "rendezvous" at the rooms of the ex-Constituent Laissac.

"Go at once and inform the other Representatives," said I.

He left me.

III.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT.

PREVIOUS to the fatal days of June, 1848, the esplanade of the Invalides was divided into eight huge grass-plots, surrounded by wooden railings, and inclosed between two groves of trees separated by a street running perpendicular to the front of the Invalides. This street was traversed by three streets running parallel to the Seine. There were large lawns, upon which children were wont to play. The centre of the eight grass-plots was marked by a pedestal which under the Empire had borne the bronze lion of St. Mark, which had been brought from Venice; under the Restoration, a white marble statue of Louis XVIII.; and under Louis Philippe, a plaster bust of Lafayette. Owing to the Palace of the Constituent Assembly having been nearly seized by a crowd of insurgents on the 22d of June, 1848, and there being no barracks in the neighborhood, General Cavaignac had constructed at three hundred paces from the Legislative Palace, on the grass-plots of the Invalides, several rows of long huts, under which the grass was hidden. These huts, where three or four thousand men could be accommodated, lodged the troops specially appointed to keep watch over the National Assembly.

On the 1st December, 1851, the two regiments hutted on the esplanade were the Sixth and the Forty-second Regiments of the Line, the Sixth commanded by Colonel Garderens de Boisse, who was famous before the Second of December, the Forty-second by Colonel Espinasse, who became famous since that date.

The ordinary night guard of the Palace of the Assembly was composed of a battalion of infantry and of thirty artillery-men, with a captain. The Minister of War, in addition, sent several troopers for orderly service. Two mortars and six pieces of cannon, with their ammunition wagons, were ranged in a little square court-yard situated on the right of the Cour d'Honneur, and which was called the Cour des Canons. The Major, the military commandant of the Palace, was placed under the immediate control of the Questors.* At night-fall the gratings and the doors were secured, sentinels were posted, instructions were issued to the sentries, and the Palace was closed like a fortress. The pass-word was the same as in the Place de Paris.

The special instructions drawn up by the Questors prohibited the entrance of any armed force other than the regiment on duty.

On the night of the 1st and 2d of December the Legislative Palace was guarded by a battalion of the Forty-second.

The sitting of the 1st of December, which was exceedingly peaceable, and had been devoted to a discussion on the municipal law, had finished late, and was terminated by a Tribunal vote. At the moment when M. Baze, one of the Questors, ascended the Tribune to deposit his vote, a Representative, belonging to what was called "Les Bancs Élyséens," approached him, and said, in a low tone, "To-night you will be carried off." Such warnings as these were received every day, and, as we have already explained, people had ended by paying no heed to them. Nevertheless, immediately after the sitting the Questors sent for the Special Commissary of Police of the Assembly, President Dupin being present. When interrogated, the Commissary declared that the reports of his agents indicated "dead calm"—such was his expression—and that assuredly there was no danger to be apprehended for that night. When the Questors pressed him further, President Dupin, exclaiming, "Bah!" left the room.

On that same day, the 1st December, about three o'clock in the afternoon, as General Le Flô's father-in-law crossed the boulevard in front of Tortoni's, some one rapidly passed by him, and whispered in his ear these significant words, "Eleven o'clock—midnight." This incident excited but little attention at the Questure, and several even laughed at it. It had become customary with them. Nevertheless, General Le Flô would not go to bed until the hour mentioned had passed by, and remained in the offices of the Questure until nearly one o'clock in the morning.

The short-hand department of the Assembly was done out-of-doors by four messengers attached to the *Moniteur*, who were employed to carry the copy of the short-hand writers to the printing-office, and to bring back the proof-sheets to the Palace of the Assembly, where M. Hippolyte Prévost corrected them. M. Hippolyte Prévost was chief of the stenographic staff, and in that capacity had apartments in the Legislative Palace. He was at the same time editor of the musical *feuilleton* of the *Moniteur*. On the 1st December he had gone to the Opéra Comique for the first representation of a new piece, and did not return until after midnight. The fourth messenger from the *Moniteur* was waiting for him with a proof of the last slip of the sitting. M. Prévost corrected the proof, and the messenger was sent off. It was then a little after one o'clock, profound quiet reigned around, and, with the exception of the guard, all in the Palace slept. Toward this hour of the night a singular incident occurred. The Captain-Adjutant-Major of the Guard of the Assembly came to the Major and said, "The Colonel has sent for me;" and he added, according to military etiquette, "Will you permit me to go?" The Commandant was astonished. "Go," he said, with some sharpness; "but the Colonel is wrong to disturb an officer on duty." One of the soldiers on guard, without understanding the meaning of the words, heard the Commandant pacing up and down, and muttering several times, "What the deuce can he want?"

Half an hour afterward the Adjutant-Major returned. "Well," asked the Commandant, "what did the Colonel want with you?" "Nothing," answered the Adjutant; "he wished to give me the orders for to-morrow's duties." The night became further advanced. Toward four o'clock the Adjutant-Major came again to the Major. "Major," he said, "the Colonel has asked for me." "Again!" exclaimed the Commandant. "This is becoming strange; nevertheless, go."

The Adjutant-Major had among other duties that of giving out the instructions to the sentries, and consequently had the power of rescinding them.

As soon as the Adjutant-Major had gone out, the Major, becoming uneasy, thought that it was his duty to communicate with the Military Commandant of the Palace. He went up stairs to the apartment of the Commandant—Lieutenant-Colonel Niols. Colonel Niols had gone to bed, and the attendants had retired to their rooms in the attics. The Major, new to the Palace, groped about the corridors, and knowing little about the various rooms, rang at a door which seemed to him that of the Military Commandant. Nobody answered, the door was not opened, and the Major returned down stairs, without having been able to speak to any body.

On his part, the Adjutant-Major re-entered the Palace, but the Major did not see him again. The Adjutant remained near the grating of the Place Bourgogne, shrouded in his cloak, and walking up and down the court-yard as though expecting some one.

At the instant that five o'clock sounded from the great clock of the dome the soldiers who slept in the hut-camp before the Invalides were suddenly awakened. Orders were given in a low voice in the huts to take up arms in silence. Shortly afterward, two regiments, knapsack on back, were marching upon the Palace of the Assembly; they were the Sixth and the Forty-second.

At this same stroke of five, simultaneously in all the quarters of Paris, infantry soldiers filed out noiselessly from every barrack, with their colonels at their head. The *aids-de-camp* and orderly officers of Louis Bonaparte, who had been distributed in all the barracks, superintended this taking up of arms. The cavalry were not set in motion until three-quarters of an hour after the infantry, for fear that the ring of the horses' hoofs on the stones should wake slumbering Paris too soon.

M. De Persigny, who had brought from the Élysée to the camp of the Invalides the order to take up arms, marched at the head of the Forty-second, by the side of Colonel Espinasse. A story is current in the army—for at the present day, wearied as people are with dishonorable incidents, these occurrences are yet told with a species of gloomy indifference—the story is current that at the moment of setting out with his regiment one of the colonels, who could be named, hesitated, and that the emissary from the Élysée, taking a sealed packet from his pocket, said to him, "Colonel, I admit that we are running a great risk. Here, in this envelope, which I have been charged to hand to you, are a hundred thousand francs in bank-notes *for contingencies*." The envelope was accepted, and the regiment set out. On the evening of the 2d of December the colonel said to a lady, "This morning I earned a hundred thousand francs and my General's epaulets." The lady showed him the door.

Xavier Durrieu, who tells us this story, had the curiosity later on to see this lady. She confirmed the story. Yes, certainly! she had shut the door in the face of this wretch; a soldier, a traitor to his flag, who dared visit her! She receive such a man! No! She could not do that, and, states Xavier Durrieu, she added, "And yet I have no character to lose."

Another mystery was in progress at the Prefecture of Police.

Those belated inhabitants of the Cité who may have returned home at a late hour of the night might have noticed a large number of street cabs loitering in scattered groups at different points round about the Rue de Jérusalem.

From eleven o'clock in the evening, under pretext of the arrival of refugees at Paris from Genoa and London, the Brigade of Surety and the 800 *sergents de ville* had been retained in the Prefecture. At three o'clock in the morning a summons had been sent to the forty-eight Commissaries of Paris and of the suburbs, and also to the peace officers. An hour afterward all of them arrived. They were ushered into a separate chamber, and isolated from each other as much as possible. At five o'clock a bell was sounded in the Prefect's cabinet. The Prefect Maupas called the Commissaries of Police one after another into his cabinet, revealed the plot to them, and allotted to each his portion of the crime. None refused; many thanked him.

It was a question of arresting at their own homes seventy-eight Democrats who were influential in their districts, and dreaded by the Élysée as possible chieftains of barricades. It was necessary—a still more daring outrage—to arrest at their houses sixteen Representatives of the people. For this last task were chosen among the Commissaries of Police such of those magistrates who seemed the most likely to become ruffians. Among these were divided the Representatives. Each had his man. Sieur Courtille had Charras, Sieur Desgranges had Nadaud, Sieur Hubaut the elder had M. Thiers, and Sieur Hubaut the younger General Bedeau; General Changarnier was allotted to Lerat, and General Cavaignac to Colin. Sieur Dourlens took Representative Valentin, Sieur Benoist Representative Miot, Sieur Allard Representative Cholat, Sieur Barlet took Roger (Du Nord), General Lamoricière fell to Commissary Blanchet, Commissary Granfier had Representative Greppo, and Commissary Boudrot Representative Lagrange. The Questors were similarly allotted, Monsieur Baze to the Sieur Primorin, and General Le Flô to Sieur Bertoglio.

Warrants with the name of the Representatives had been drawn up in the Prefect's private Cabinet. Blanks had been only left for the names of the Commissaries. These were filled in at the moment of leaving.

In addition to the armed force which was appointed to assist them, it had been decided that each Commissary should be accompanied by two escorts, one composed of *sergents de ville*, the other of police agents in plain clothes. As Prefect Maupas had told M. Bonaparte, the Captain of the Republican Guard, Baudinet, was associated with Commissary Lerat in the arrest of General Changarnier.

Toward half past five the *fiacres* which were in waiting were called up, and all started, each with his instructions.

During this time, in another corner of Paris—the old Rue du Temple—in that ancient Mansion Soubise, which had been transformed into a Royal printing-office, and is to-day a national printing-office, another section of the Crime was being organized.

Toward one in the morning a passer-by, who had reached the old Rue du Temple by the Rue de Vieilles Haudriettes, noticed at the junction of these two streets several long and high windows brilliantly lighted up. These were the windows of the work-rooms of the National Printing-office. He turned to the right and entered the old Rue du Temple, and a moment afterward passed before the crescent-shaped entrance of the front of the printing-office. The principal door was shut; two sentinels guarded the side door. Through this little door, which was ajar, he glanced into the court-yard of the printing-office, and saw it filled with soldiers. The soldiers were silent; no sound could be heard, but the glistening of their bayonets could be seen. The passer-by, surprised, drew nearer. One of the sentinels thrust him rudely back, crying out, "Be off!"

Like the *sergents de ville* at the Prefecture of Police, the workmen had been retained at the National Printing-office under plea of night-work. At the same time that M. Hippolyte Prévost returned to the Legislative Palace, the manager of the National Printing-office re-entered his office, also returning from the Opéra Comique, where he had been to see the new piece, which was by his brother, M. De St. Georges. Immediately on his return, the manager, to whom had come an order from the Élysée during the day, took up a pair of pocket-pistols, and went down into the vestibule, which communicated by means of a few steps with the court-yard. Shortly afterward the door leading to the street opened, a *fiacre* entered, a man who carried a large portfolio alighted. The manager went up to the man and said to him, "Is that you, M. De Béville?" "Yes," answered the man.

The *fiacre* was put up, the horses placed in a stable, and the coachman shut up in a parlor, where they gave him drink, and placed a purse in his hand. Bottles of wine and louis-d'or form the groundwork of this kind of politics. The coachman drank, and then went to sleep. The door of the parlor was bolted.

The large door of the court-yard of the printing-office was hardly shut than it re-opened, gave passage to armed men, who entered in silence, and then reclosed. The arrivals were a company of the Gendarmerie Mobile, the fourth of the first battalion, commanded by a captain called La Roche d'Oisy. As may be remarked by the result, for all delicate expeditions the men of the *Coup d'État* took care to employ the Gendarmerie Mobile and the Republican Guard, that is to say, the two corps almost entirely composed of former Municipal Guards, bearing at heart a revengeful remembrance of the events of February.

Captain La Roche d'Oisy brought a letter from the Minister of War, which placed himself and his soldiers at the disposition of the manager of the National Printing-office. The muskets were loaded without a word being spoken. Sentinels were placed in the work-rooms, in the corridors, at the doors, at the windows—in fact, every where—two being stationed at the door leading into the street. The captain asked what instructions he should give to the sentries. "Nothing more simple," said the man who had come in the *fiacre*. "Whoever attempts to leave or to open a window, shoot him."

This man, who, in fact, was De Béville, the orderly officer to Bonaparte, withdrew with the manager into the large cabinet on the first story, a solitary room which looked out on the garden. There he communicated to the manager what he had brought with him—the decree of the dissolution of the Assembly, the appeal to the Army, the appeal to the people, the decree convoking the electors, and, in addition, the proclamation of the Prefect Maupas and his letter to the Commissaries of Police. The first four documents were entirely in the handwriting of the President, and here and there some erasures might be noticed.

The compositors were in waiting. Each man was placed between two gens-d'armes, and was forbidden to utter a single word, and then the documents which had to be printed were distributed throughout the room, being cut up in very small pieces, so that an entire sentence could not be read by one workman. The manager announced that he would give them an hour to compose the whole. The different fragments were finally brought to Colonel Béville, who put them together and corrected the proof-sheets. The machinery was conducted with the same precautions, each press being between two soldiers. Notwithstanding all possible diligence, the work lasted two hours. The gens-d'armes watched over the workmen. Béville watched over St. Georges.

When the work was finished, a suspicious incident occurred, which greatly resembled a treason within a treason. To a traitor a greater traitor. This species of crime is subject to such accidents. Béville and St. Georges, the two trusty confidants in whose hands lay the secret of the *Coup d'État*, that is to say, the head of the President—that secret which ought at no price to be allowed to transpire before the appointed hour, under risk of causing every thing to miscarry—took it into their heads to confide it at once to two hundred men, in order "to test the effect," as the ex-Colonel Béville said, later on, rather naïvely. They read the mysterious document which had just been printed to the *Gens-d'armes Mobiles*, who were drawn up in the court-yard. These ex-Municipal Guards applauded. If they had hooted, it might be asked what the two experimentalists in the *Coup d'État* would have done. Perhaps M. Bonaparte would have woke up from his dream at Vincennes.

The coachman was then liberated, the *fiacre* was horsed, and at four o'clock in the morning the orderly officer and the manager of the National Printing-office, henceforward two criminals, arrived at the Prefecture of Police with the parcels of the decrees. Then began for them the brand of shame. Prefect Maupas took them by the hand.

Bands of bill-stickers, bribed for the occasion, started in every direction, carrying with them the decrees and proclamations.

This was precisely the hour at which the Palace of the National Assembly was invested. In the Rue de l'Université there is a door of the Palace which is the old entrance to the Palais Bourbon, and which opened into the avenue which leads to the house of the President of the Assembly. This door, termed the Presidency door, was, according to custom, guarded by a sentry. For some time past the Adjutant-Major, who had been twice sent for during the night by Colonel Espinasse, had remained motionless and silent, close by the sentinel. Five minutes after, having left the huts of the Invalides, the Forty-second Regiment of the Line, followed at some distance by the Sixth Regiment, which had marched by the Rue de Bourgogne, emerged from the Rue de l'Université. "The regiment," says an eye-witness, "marched as one steps in a sick-room." It arrived with a stealthy step before the Presidency door. This ambuscade came to surprise the Law.

The sentry, seeing these soldiers arrive, halted, but at the moment when he was going to challenge them with a *qui vive*, the Adjutant-Major seized his arm, and, in his capacity as the officer empowered to countermand all instructions, ordered him to give free passage to the Forty-second, and at the same time commanded the amazed porter to open the door. The door turned upon its hinges; the soldiers spread themselves through the avenue. Persigny entered, and said, "It is done."

The National Assembly was invaded.

At the noise of the footsteps the Commandant Meunier ran up. "Commandant," Colonel Espinasse cried out to him, "I come to relieve your battalion." The Commandant turned pale for a moment, and his eyes remained fixed on the ground. Then suddenly he put his hands to his shoulders and tore off his epaulets, he drew his sword, and broke it across his knee, threw the two fragments on the pavement, and, trembling with rage, exclaimed, with a solemn voice, "Colonel, you disgrace the number of your regiment."

"All right, all right," said Espinasse.

The Presidency door was left open, but all the other entrances remained closed. All the guards were relieved, all the sentinels changed, and the battalion of the night guard was sent back to the camp of the Invalides, the soldiers piled their arms in the avenue, and in the *Cour d'Honneur*. The Forty-second, in profound silence, occupied the doors outside and inside the court-yard, the reception-rooms, the galleries, the corridors, the passages, while every one still slept in the Palace.

Shortly afterward arrived two of those little chariots which are called "forty sous," and two *fiacres*, escorted by two detachments of the Republican Guard and of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and by several squads of police. The Commissaries Bertoglio and Primorin alighted from the two chariots.

As these carriages drove up, a personage bald, but still young, was seen to appear at the grating of the Place de Bourgogne. This personage had all the air of a man about town, who had just come from the opera, and, in fact, he had come from thence, after having passed through a den. He came from the Élysée. It was De Morny. For an instant he watched the soldiers piling their arms, and then went on to the Presidency door. There he exchanged a few words with M. De Persigny. A quarter of an hour afterward, accompanied by 250 Chasseurs de Vincennes, he took possession of the Ministry of the Interior, startled M. De Thorigny in his bed, and handed him brusquely a letter of thanks from Monsieur Bonaparte. Some days previously honest M. De Thorigny, whose ingenuous remarks we have already cited, said to a group of men near whom M. De Morny was passing, "How these men of the Mountain calumniate the President! The man who would break his oath, who would achieve a *coup d'état*, must necessarily be a worthless wretch." Awakened rudely in the middle of the night, and relieved of his post as Minister, like the sentinels of the Assembly, the worthy man, astounded, and rubbing his eyes, muttered, "Eh! Then the President *is* a—"

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* The Questors were officers elected by the Assembly, whose special duties were to keep and audit the accounts, and who controlled all matters affecting the social economy of the House.

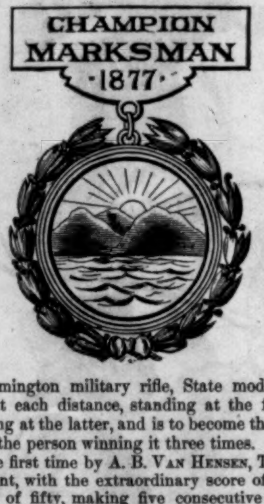
"Yes," said Morny, with a burst of laughter.

He who wrote these lines knew Morny. Morny and Walewsky held in the quasi-reigning family the positions, one of Royal bastard, the other of Imperial bastard. Who was Morny? We will say: A noted wit, an intriguer, but in no way austere; a friend of Romieu, and a supporter of Guizot; possessing the manners of the world and the habits of the Roulette table; self-satisfied, clever; combining a certain liberality of ideas with a readiness to accept useful crimes; finding means to wear a gracious smile with bad teeth; leading a life of pleasure; dissipated but reserved, ugly, good-tempered, fierce, well-dressed, intrepid; willingly leaving a brother prisoner under bolts and bars, and ready to risk his head for a brother Emperor; having the same mother as Louis Bonaparte, and like Louis Bonaparte, having some father or other; being able to call himself Beauharnais, being able to call himself Flahaut, and yet calling himself Morny; pursuing literature as far as light comedy, and politics as far as tragedy; a deadly free liver; possessing all the frivolity consistent with assassination; capable of being sketched by Marivaux and treated of by Tacitus; without conscience; irreproachably elegant, infamous, and amiable, at need a perfect duke. Such was this malefactor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MARKSMAN'S BADGE.

THIS badge was presented to the National Rifle Association by Colonel GEORGE W. WINGATE, General Inspector of Rifle Practice, for the purpose of stimulating practice with military rifles. It is of gold, and, with the exception of the wreath and clasp, is a *fac-simile* of the marksmen's badges annually presented by the State of New York to those National Guardsmen who become first-class shots. It is shot for at 200 and 500 yards, with the Remington military rifle, State model, five shots at each distance, standing at the former, and lying at the latter, and is to become the property of the person winning it three times. It was won the first time by A. B. VAN HENSEN, Twelfth Regiment, with the extraordinary score of forty-six out of fifty, making five consecutive bull's-eyes at 500 yards; and the second time by W. H. ROBERTSON, Seventy-first Regiment, by a score of forty-two. It was made by TIFFANY & Co.



FRENCH POLITICS.

THE engraving on page 864, from a sketch by our artist in France, is especially interesting at the present moment. The sketch was made in a little village in the neighborhood of Paris, and represents the town-crier reading the government proclamation fixing the date of the elections for the new Assembly. In a letter accompanying the sketch the artist says that he finds republican principles firmly rooted in the hearts of the French people. Among the peasants growing intelligence has diffused a strong love for political and religious independence. They want neither emperor nor king to rule over them, and their impatience with clerical despotism is on the increase. They discuss all political questions with interest and intelligence, and to enslave them again, as LOUIS NAPOLEON did, will be an almost impossible task.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

THE engraving on page 860 presents a striking view of the village of Hot Springs, Arkansas, which during the past few years has gained considerable reputation as a health resort. Although known for the best part of half a century, it was not until the close of the civil war that public attention was drawn to the place. Since that time the construction of railways to the springs has brought them within easy reach of the afflicted, and at present the yearly attendance of invalids amounts to 10,000. The waters, it is claimed, contain specifics against rheumatism, gout, scrofula, partial paralysis, neuralgia, and all chronic diseases arising from a disordered condition of the blood.

The village of Hot Springs is reached from St. Louis by way of the Iron-Mountain Railroad connecting with trains from Memphis at Little Rock and thence to Malvern. The journey between Malvern and the springs, formerly accomplished by means of a stage, is now made by rail, a narrow-gauge road having been constructed for the especial purpose of carrying visitors to the latter place. On leaving the station at Malvern the little train dashes round a sharp curve, and into a narrow gap cut through the dense growth of Southern oaks and pine. The road-bed is very smooth, and the small engine, as it climbs over the hills, puffs and pants with all the energy of a full-grown locomotive making fifty miles an hour. Another sharp curve brings the traveller to the bank of the Ouachita River, in which stream, according to one of our modern historians, the bones of DE SOTO lie unburied. After this, Cova Creek Station and the town of Lawrence are soon passed, and the frantic little train rushes into the narrow valley which contains the village of Hot Springs. Then follows a short drive to one or another hotel, and the visitor has reached his destination.

Who were the early discoverers of the hot springs is a matter involved in so much obscurity that it is useless to pursue the inquiry. But the inhabitants of the valley have endowed them with a romantic history more interesting than any stupid array of facts. It is claimed that these are the springs which the sensational Indian described to PONCE DE LEON as the "fountains of youth." Finally the story reached the ears of DE SOTO, who, broken down by his severe campaigns, determined to seek them, and, if possible, regain his health through their curative agency. This the whites learned from the Indians, who pointed out an old camping ground where an army of pale-faces once encamped. The testimony that DE SOTO was among them is not clearly supported; but the same can be said of most traditions.

The first settlers appeared in the neighborhood of the hot springs as early as 1825, but it was not until 1839 that the first permanent structure, known as the "Whittington Residence," was erected. Prior to this three different parties claimed the lands upon which the springs were located, one by pre-emption, one by squatter occupation, and one by having located New Madrid land scrip upon it. The latter claim would no doubt have been good had it not been for the fact that under the law of 1820 all mineral or medicinal springs were reserved to the government. The claimants, however, continued to occupy the lands and fight over them in the courts, occasionally varying their legal strife with shot-gun practice when the courts were not in session.

Notwithstanding the difficulties of the rival claimants, the place continued to grow, the climate as well as the curative properties of the springs offering great attractions to settlers. Added to this, there are few lovelier bits of scenery to be found in the West. The mountains or hills surrounding Hot Springs do not present the regular appearance of a mountain range, but are more like a scattered group of hills, though the general direction of the valleys toward the south and southeast can readily be traced. Hot Springs Mountain is about a mile and a half in length, half a mile in width, and at its highest point stands 1060 feet above tide-water at the Gulf. The mountain trends from east to west. The eastern end is a continuous line of bold overhanging crags and bluffs, from 500 feet to 700 feet in height, while at their foot runs the Gulpha, a quiet little stream, whose clear waters glide with a soft murmur among the rocks. In the spring, however, or after a rain-fall, the Gulpha becomes an angry river, pouring through the valley with all the force and fury of a cataract.

The springs at the eastern end of the mountain, and there are many of them, are uniformly cold. It is on the western slope that the hot springs are found. They are fifty-two in number, and flow from the mountain-side within a space 1200 feet long by 200 in width. The highest is located at a point 181 feet above the bed of Hot Springs Creek, while the lowest sends forth its warm current in the midst of that stream. Scientists have decided, however, that there is but one spring, having fifty mouths or places of outflow. And while they have received different names, such as the "Arsenic," "Alum," and "Big Iron" springs, a careful analysis of the waters of each, made by Professor J. C. WARDLAW, has fully established the fact that in every case the constituent elements are the same. As the result of his investigations, we have the following table, showing the chemical properties of the hot springs.

In one gallon of water, temperature 148° F., there are:

Lime	28.81
Magnesia	0.75
Alumina	5.14
Oxide of iron	1.16
Silicic acid	23.87
Carbonic acid	21.41
Sulphuric acid	4.43
Soda	1.49
Potash	2.05
Chlorine	0.75
Organic matter	8.46
Loss, etc.	1.68
Total	100.00

Four years ago the city of Hot Springs was incorporated, a local government was organized by the election of a Mayor and Common Council, and matters in and about the village began to assume a civilized look and bearing. Hotels and boarding-houses sprang up for the accommodation of health-seekers, among which the most important are the Arlington House, Grand Central, Avenue, and Hot Springs hotels. A system of street cars was established, and bath-houses were built in the neighborhood of the most important springs. Among the latter the one at Big Iron Spring deserves special mention. This building is nearly perfect in its arrangements, being supplied with electrical communications, speaking-tubes, waiting-rooms, and, in fact, every convenience known to the bathing world. The Rector Bath-House, adjoining the Arlington Hotel, is also noticeable for the attention paid to the comfort of visitors. The charges at each of these houses, including the attendance of servants, is about ten dollars for a course of twenty-one baths.

Among the last official acts of President GRANT was the approval of a bill creating a Board of Commissioners to survey, lay out, and appraise the value of the lands on the Hot Springs Reservation, and to adjudicate the claims of the occupants, who were allowed to purchase the grounds held at the time the Court of Claims declared the title to belong to the United States. The springs and Hot Springs Mountain are by the act forever reserved from sale, and are thus left free to the public. The members of the Commission appointed are as follows: Hon. A. H. CRAGIN, of New Hampshire, Hon. JOHN COBURN, of Indiana, and Governor M. L. STEARNS, of Florida. These gentlemen have labored assiduously in the performance of their duties, and hope by the end of the year to be able to put the lands upon the market. When this is done, and assured titles are given, the temporary buildings now occupying valuable ground near the springs will be removed, and permanent ones erected in their stead. Meanwhile streets are being laid out, a hundred feet in width, and measures taken generally to insure the attractiveness of the coming city.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Thursday, 1.—All-saints Day.
Sunday, 4.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 11.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 25.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 30.—St. Andrew, the Apostle.

PERHAPS no American has done more to diffuse correct intelligence respecting our country throughout Central Europe than the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, formerly pastor of the Tabernacle in this city. Though in poor health when he went abroad, he has in four years performed an amount of work which a man of unimpaired energies might well be proud of. Dr. THOMPSON has done especially good service in explaining to Berlin, and through Berlin Germany, the theory and the results of our separation of church and state. His American Centennial lectures delivered last year drew attention to the growth and resources of the United States. He is also engaged in preparing a work on *Religion as Science*, which is intended to be a reply to the cultured unbelief of our time. During the next winter he will deliver a series of lectures in Berlin on American literature. Such men as Dr. THOMPSON are, in the best sense, national representatives abroad.

After a very full discussion in the Protestant Episcopal Convention of the majority and minority reports of the committee appointed to consider the shortened form of service, the House of Deputies decided against this change by a vote which stood thus: Clergy—ay, 13 dioceses; no, 27; divided, 5. Laity—ay, 12 dioceses; no, 26; divided, 4. Six dioceses—Indiana, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Texas, and Western New York—voted in both orders for the shortened service. Both Houses concurred in the division of the diocese of Illinois into three dioceses. The amendment of the canons in relation to missionary jurisdictions was adopted by the House of Deputies, the vote being: Clergy—affirmative, 24; negative, 17; divided, 4. Lay vote—affirmative, 23; negative, 17; divided, 2. The amendment is as follows: "The General Convention may, upon the application of the bishop and convention of an organized diocese, setting forth that the territory of the diocese is too large for episcopal supervision by the bishop, set off a portion of such diocesan territory, which shall thenceforth be placed within or constitute a missionary jurisdiction, as the House of Bishops shall determine." The House of Bishops, however, non-concurred.

In the eleventh Annual Convention of the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church the theses prepared by the Rev. Dr. KRAUTH in relation to "Pulpit and Altar Fellowship" were discussed at length. The important point is whether the "Galesburg Rule," as it is called—Lutheran pulpits for Lutheran ministers only, Lutheran altars for Lutheran communicants only—should be construed as mandatory or declaratory. Dr. KRAUTH's first thesis states that the rule "is meant to assert not legislatively what shall be done, but morally what ought to be held as true." It is evident that the declaration is not acceptable to many Lutherans.

The Rev. R. W. DALE, of Birmingham, has the difficulty, in his Yale lectures on preaching, of following four of the most brilliant men of the American pulpit—Messrs. BEECHER, HALL, TAYLOR, and BROOKS—yet he has marked out a line distinctly his own, and gratifies his audiences with his apposite statements. In his first lecture, on "Some of the Perils of the Young Preacher," he said, "Some preachers have adopted this motto: 'We disbelieve, and therefore speak.' If you have nothing to say that makes heaven seem nearer earth, do not offer yourself as a candidate for the ministry."

The seventh triennial report of the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Increase of the Ministry, made to the General Convention, shows for the year ending September 1, 1877, receipts amounting to $26,575, and expenditures amounting to $30,076. The debt is now $6944. "At no time in the past twenty years," says the report, "have there been less than 500 parishes vacant; at no time have there been a larger number of vacancies than there are at present. This year over 600 parishes are reported to be without pastors." The Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions reported that the receipts from October 1, 1876, to September 30, 1877, were $114,976. October 1, 1876, the treasury was overdrawn $41,589; October 1, 1877, $18,484. The number of parishes contributing is 1184, against 931 last year.

The Roman correspondent of the *Times* gives this description of Cardinal PANEBIANCO, who is supposed to be likely to succeed to the papacy: "ANTON MARIA PANEBIANCO is a Sicilian, a native of Perranova, sixty-nine years of age, and an old Franciscan monk. They give him the character of an avaricious, ignorant, truculent man, bent on carrying out the retrograde ideas of the present Pope, and on perpetuating the war between the Church and civil society. Cardinal PECCI, the new chamberlain of the Sacred College, was in the household of GREGORY XVI., but, owing to the ill-will of ANTONELLI, has not heretofore had "free access to the present Pope." Bulletins in relation to the Pope's health are flying over Europe continually. It is the interest of the cardinals to keep his death, when it occurs, as nearly private as may be, that they may enter into conclave and proceed with the election of a successor without interference.

The Young Men's Christian Associations of Massachusetts held their Annual Convention at Natick October 9-12. President STURGIS occupied the chair. The Rev. JOSEPH COOK delivered an address on "Association Evangelistic Work; its Relation to and Claim upon the Church." He called attention to the fact that at the beginning of the century about one-twenty-fifth of the population of the country lived in large towns and cities, and that now the towns and cities hold one-fifth of all the people. The treasurer reported receipts for the year amounting to $2547, and a balance on hand of $28. Forty-two Associations, having 4000 members, were represented in the Convention.

It has been determined by members of the Reformed (Dutch) Church to make an effort to save the Board of Publication, now greatly embarrassed. Of the $15,000 debt of the Board, two-thirds must be raised at once. At a meeting held recently at the Synod's room $2000 of this sum was subscribed. If the whole is secured, the business of the Board will hereafter be conducted on a cash basis.

The Rev. Dr. INCREASE N. TARBOX, the secretary of the "American College and Education Society," in defending the policy of aiding candidates for the ministry, says that "since 1816, 6425 names of beneficiaries have been entered upon the books of the society. More than one-third of all our Congregational ministers at the present time have their names enrolled on that record. Nearly one-half of our ordained missionaries in foreign lands are in the same company. Presidents and professors in colleges are to be found there in large numbers."

A Protestant Episcopal Church Congress for the West, which has been talked of since 1870, is now determined upon. Bishop M'LAREN, of the diocese of Illinois, has appointed a local committee of ten persons, who, with ten from the other dioceses, will be an Executive Committee. It is announced that the topics to be discussed will be practical rather than doctrinal.

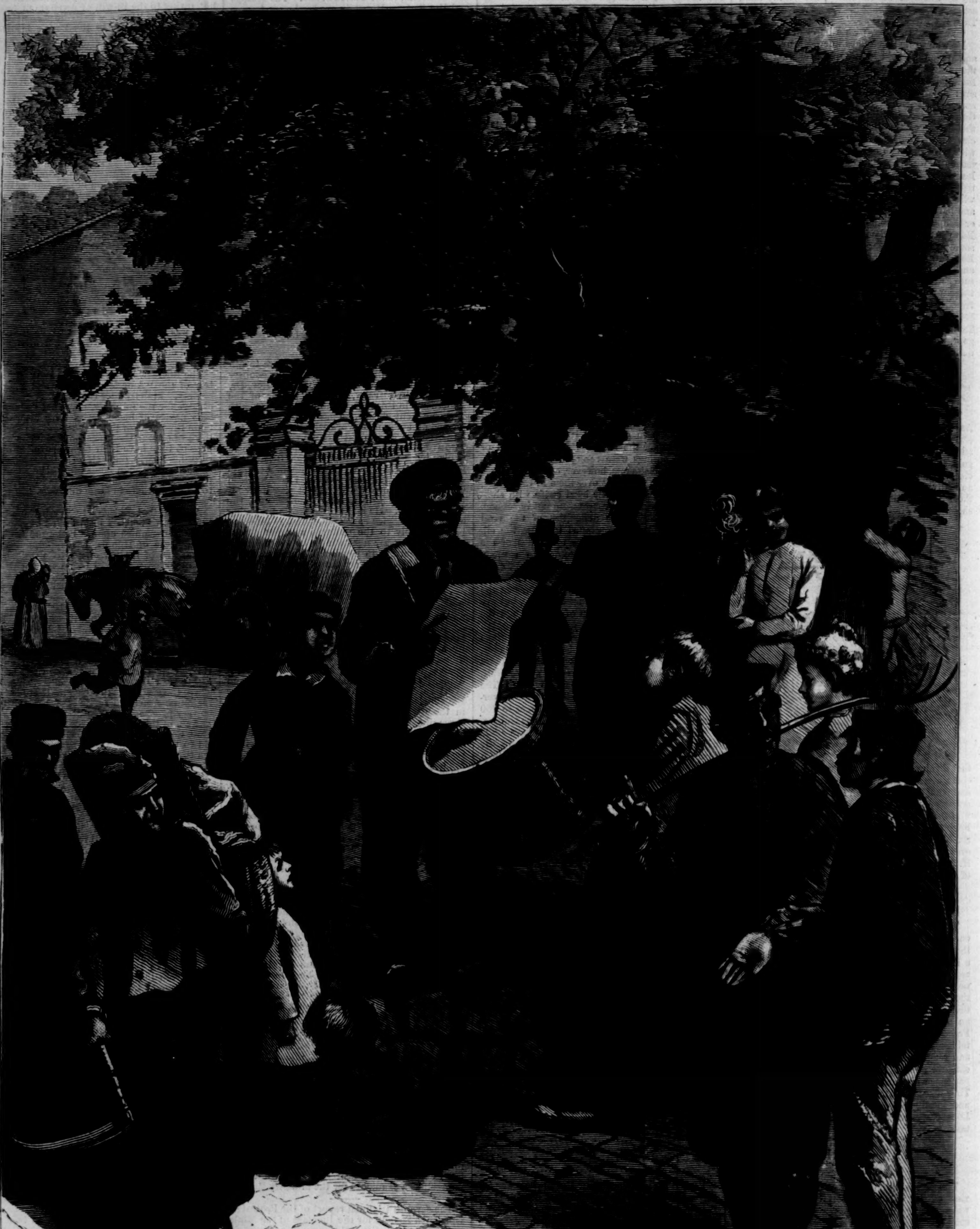
A "Liberia Exodus Association" has been formed in Charleston, South Carolina. Dr. E. W. BLYDEN, lately appointed Liberian minister to Great Britain, has made, with a view to settlement by American freedmen, an exploration of the country immediately west of Monrovia. He reports that about seventy-five miles from that city a table-land from 2000 to 3000 feet above the sea-level is reached. There is in this region an American settlement, represented to be very prosperous. The Rev. Dr. S. D. ALEXANDER, of this city, president of the New York State Colonization Society, makes an appeal for aid to this migration to Africa. He is of opinion that it will grow to large proportions.

The extensive missions of the Moravian Church were carried on last year at a cost of $80,000. These missions are in Greenland, Labrador, North America, seven of the West India Islands, the Mosquito Coast, Surinam, South Africa, Australia, and West Himalaya. There are ninety-five stations; 177 of the brethren and 153 women are employed, with a large force of native assistants.

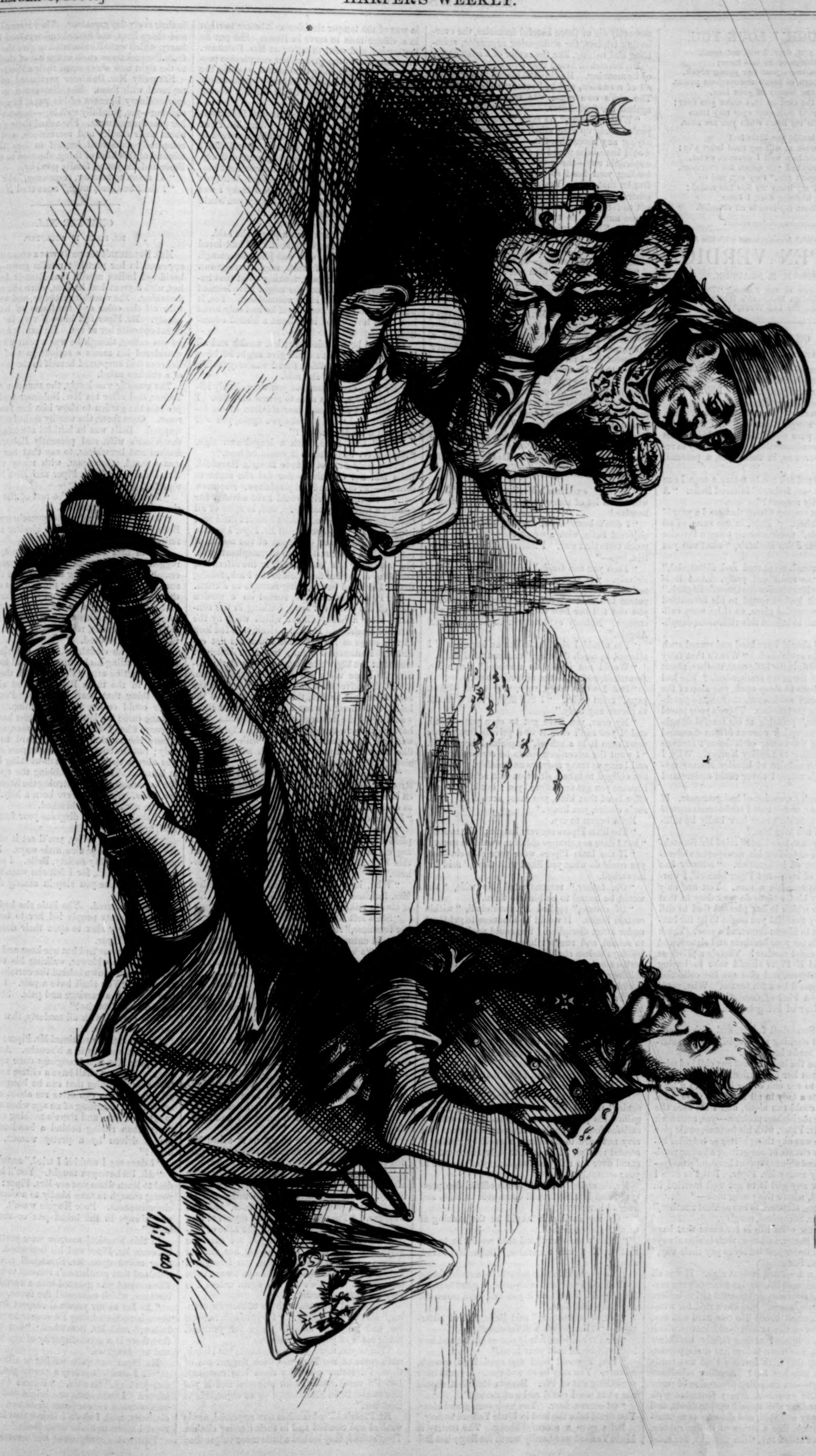
The "Socialism of Christianity" is a good topic for these times, especially when treated by one who firmly grasps the principles of Christian socialism. An instance in point occurred in Hamburg, Germany, where a home missionary agreed with a company of friends to attend a meeting of German social democrats. At the time appointed the friends failed the missionary, and he went alone. He found several thousand of the party before him. When he took from his pocket a New Testament, there was a general laugh at his expense; but selecting and reading the parable of the Good Samaritan, he was listened to with deep attention. At the close of his remarks some of his hearers tarried to inquire farther. With the parable well applied, there need be no fear in any country of communistic theories or practice.

The British Evangelical Alliance held its annual meeting September 25, in Oxford. Sir HARRY VERNEY presided. Among the persons present well known in the United States were the Dean of Canterbury, the Rev. J. HITCHCOCK, son of the late President HITCHCOCK of Amherst, Drs. ANGUS, W. MORLEY PUNSHON, and Professor LEGGE of the university. The secretary reported more accessions to the Alliance during the past year than in any year preceding. It was announced that an invitation from the Emperor of Germany for a meeting of the General Conference in Berlin during 1878 had been declined, and that the Conference would take place at Basle, Switzerland, in 1879. The public meetings of the Alliance in the Corn Exchange of Oxford were very well attended.

Among the suggestions of the times is a "Ministerial Institute," held by the Unitarians of Massachusetts, in Springfield, October 8 and 9. It was opened by a sermon from WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, of England, on the "Functions of the Liberal Ministry." One chief object of the meeting was to inquire into the best means of ministerial success. Judge SOULE, speaking for the laity, insisted that "if ministers would carry a point with their congregations, they should use the same intellectual forces that the successful lawyer uses before a jury." Dr. BELLOWS expressed the opinion that "the weakness of so-called liberalism is its boast that it will have no dogmatic system, and that faith requires none. Any man who truly formulates the truth and principles which are now floating in a sentimental mist, will be a re-creator of the religious life of the age." The Rev. Dr. A. P. PEABODY, in an essay on "The Relation of Personal Character to Success in the Ministry," made some very plain-spoken criticisms of ministers.



FRENCH POLITICS—TOWN-CRIER READING AN ELECTION PROCLAMATION IN A VILLAGE.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 863.]



THE EASTERN QUESTION (GROWING DAILY MORE COMPLICATED).
WHICH IS THE SICK MAN?

ALTHOUGH I LOVE YOU.

Although I love you, dear, I will not speak
The foolish nothings of an idle hour;
But if the blushes tinge your fair young cheek,
They shall be born of love's unconscious power.
I will not praise the beauty of your face,
Nor tell of all the charms that make you dear;
But in *my* eyes your own dear eyes may trace
The joy that fills my heart when you are near.

I will not kneel beside the little feet
That yet may walk at will my fond heart o'er;
But you will know how well I worship, sweet,
Since I have crowned you queen for evermore.
"Still waters deepest run," they say, and so
The fullness of my heart my lips has sealed;
But in my silent homage, dear, I *know*
That to your heart my love is all revealed.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

PATERNAL DIPLOMACY.

"What!" roared Mr. Scratchell, scarlet of visage. "You are asked to marry a man with fifteen thousand a year, and you refuse? Did any body ever hear of such lunacy!"

Bella sat shivering at the paternal wrath. Mrs. Scratchell was weeping dumbly. All the younger Scratchells were ready to lift up their voices in a chorus of condemnation. Bella's folly in refusing Mr. Piper was, in their eyes, a personal injury.

"You would not ask me to marry a man I can not love, would you, father?" faltered Bella. "A man I can hardly respect?"

"You can not respect fifteen thousand a year!" cried Mr. Scratchell. "Then, in the name of all that's reasonable," unconsciously using a favorite expression of Sir John Holker's, "what can you respect?"

"He is so rough-mannered and dictatorial," urged Bella, "so stout and puffy. And it is dreadful to hear him murder the Queen's English."

Mr. Scratchell looked round to his assembled family with a wrathful glare, as if he were calling upon them all to behold this ridiculous daughter of his.

"That ever I should have bred and reared such foolishness!" he exclaimed. "What's that fairy tale you were reading the little ones, mother, about the princess and the seven feather-beds? She had seven feather-beds to sleep upon, one atop of the other, and couldn't rest because there was a parched pea under the bottom one. There's your proud princess for you," pointing at his tearful daughter. "She turns up her nose at fifteen thousand a year because the owner of it doesn't arrange his words according to Lindley Murray. Why, I never had much opinion of Lindley Murray myself, and, what's more, I never could understand him."

"Father, it isn't a question of bad grammar. If I loved Mr. Piper, or felt that I could teach myself to love him, I shouldn't care how badly he talked. But I can not love him."

"Who asks you to love him?" cried Mr. Scratchell, folding and unfolding his newspaper violently, in a tempest of indignation. "Nobody has made mention of love—not Piper himself, I warrant. He's too sensible a man. You are only asked to marry him, and to do your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you. And very grateful you ought to be for having been called to fifteen thousand a year. Think what you can do for your brothers and sisters, and your poor harassed mother! There's a privilege for you! And if Piper should take to buying property hereabouts, and give me the collection of his rents, there'd be a lift for me. Why, you'd be a heroine—a kind of domestic Joan of Arc, without any fear of being burned at the end of the story."

Then Mrs. Scratchell feebly, and with numerous gasps and choking sobs, uplifted her maternal voice and made her moan.

"I should be the last to press any child of mine to marry against her inclination," she said, "but I should like to see one of my daughters a lady. Bella has been a lady in all her little ways from the time she could run alone, and I am sure she would become the highest position—yes, even such a station as Mr. Piper, with his fortune, could give her. If there was any thing better or brighter before her—any chance of her getting a young good-looking husband able to support her comfortably—I wouldn't say marry Mr. Piper. But I'm sure I can't see how any girl is to get well married in Little Yafford, where the young men—"

"Haven't one sixpence to rub against another," interrupted Mr. Scratchell, roughly.

"And I know what life is for those that have to study every penny, and keep their brains always on the rack in order just barely to pay their way," continued Mrs. Scratchell.

Bella gave a deep despondent sigh. It was all true that these worldly-minded parents were saying. She was no romantic ignorant girl to believe in an impossible future. She knew that for women of the Scratchell breed life was hard and dry, like the crusts of the two-days-old loaves which she often encountered at the family breakfast table. What was there before her if she persisted in refusing this high fortune that was ready to be poured into her lap? Another rebellious family to teach—an unending procession of verbs and piano-forte exercises, dreary fantasias with all the old familiar airs turned upside down, and twisted this way and that, and drawn out to uttermost attenuation, like a string of Indian rubber. If nothing else killed her, Bella thought, she must assuredly die of those hateful fantasias, the everlasting triplets, the scampering arpeggios, stumbling and halting, like the canter of a lame horse.

Mr. Scratchell heard that long sigh, and guessed its meaning. He checked his loud indignation all of a sudden, and had recourse to diplomacy. The girl's own sense was beginning to argue against her foolishness.

"Well, my dear," he said, quite amiably, "if you've made up your mind, there's no use in our saying any more about it. Your mother and I would have been proud to see you settled in such a splendid way—the envy of all the neighborhood, holding your head as high as the best of 'em. But let that pass. You'd better look out for another situation. With so many mouths as I've got to feed, I can't afford to encourage idleness. There must be no twiddling of thumbs in this family. The *Yorkshire Times* comes out on Saturday. There'll be just time for us to get an advertisement in."

Bella gave another sigh—an angry one this time.

"You're very sharp with me, father," she said. "I should have thought you'd have been glad to have me at home for a little while, with my time disengaged."

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Scratchell. "Haven't you had your afternoons for idleness? Your time disengaged, indeed! Do you think I want a daughter of mine to be as useless as a chimney ornament, good for nothing but to look at?"

And then Mr. Scratchell took out a sheet of paper, dipped his pen in the ink, and wrinkled his brow in the effort of composition.

"Governess, residental or otherwise," he began, pronouncing the words aloud as he wrote, "competent to impart a sound English education, French, Italian, German, music, drawing and painting, and fancy needle-work. Able to prepare boys for a public school. Has had the entire charge of a gentleman's family. First-rate references."

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Scratchell. "That will cost a lot of money, but I think it's comprehensive."

"I don't know about drawing and painting," objected Bella, with a weary air. "I never had much taste that way. I learned a little with Beatrix, but—"

"Then you can teach," said Mr. Scratchell, decisively. "If you've learned, you know all the technical words and rules, and you're quite competent to teach. When your pupil goes wrong, you can tell her how to go right. That's quite enough. Nobody expects you to be a Michael Angelo."

"I'm afraid I shall look like an impostor if I attempt to teach drawing," remonstrated Bella.

"Would not object to a school," wrote Mr. Scratchell, adding to the advertisement.

"But I would very, very, very much object, papa," cried Bella. "I will not go into a school to please any body."

"My dear, you have got to earn your bread, and if you can't earn it in a private family, you must earn it in a school," explained her father. "I want the advertisement to be comprehensive, and bring as many answers as possible. You are not obliged to take a situation in a school simply because you get one offered you; but if your only offer is of that kind, you must accept it. Hobson's choice, you know."

Bella began to cry.

"The little Pipers are very hateful," she sobbed, "but I dare say strange children would be worse."

"If the little Pipers were your step-children, you could do what you liked with them," said Mr. Scratchell.

"Oh, father," remonstrated his wife, "she would be bound to be kind to them."

"Of course," replied Mr. Scratchell, "within certain limits. It would be kindness to get them under strict discipline. She could pack them off to school, and needn't have them home for the holidays unless she liked. Come, I think the advertisement will do. It will cost three or four shillings, so it ought to answer. Herbert can take it with him to-morrow when he goes to his office."

"Father," cried Bella, desperately, "you need not waste your money upon that advertisement. I won't take another situation."

"Won't you?" cried Mr. Scratchell. "Then I'm afraid you'll have to go into the work-house, which would be rather disgraceful at your age. I won't keep you in idleness."

"I'd sooner marry Mr. Piper than go on teaching odious children."

"You'll have to wait till Mr. Piper asks you again," replied her father, delighted at having gained his point, but too diplomatic to show his satisfaction. "You've refused him once. He may not care to humiliate himself by risking a second refusal. However, the advertisement can stand over for a day or two, since you've come to your senses."

Mr. Scratchell went off to his official den presently, and Mrs. Scratchell came over to Bella and hugged her.

"Oh, my darling, it would be the making of us all," she exclaimed.

"I don't see what good that would be to me, mother, if I was miserable," Bella responded, sulkily.

"But you couldn't be miserable in such a home as Yafford Park, and with such a good man as Mr. Piper. It isn't as if you had ever cared for any body else, dear."

"No, of course not," said Bella, full of bitterness. "That makes a difference."

"And think what a lady you would be, and how high you could hold your head."

"Yes, I would hold my head high enough, mother. You may be sure of that. I would have something out of life. Beatrix Harefield should see what use I could make of money."

"Of course, dear. You have such grand ideas. You could take the lead in Little Yafford society."

Bella gave a scornful shrug. The society in Little Yafford was hardly worth leading; but Bella was of the temper that deems it better to reign in a village than to serve in Rome. She put on her bonnet, and went to call upon Mrs. Dulcimer. That lady was in the garden, her complexion protected by a large muslin sun-bonnet, washing the green flies off her roses. To her sympathetic ear Bella imparted the story of Mr. Piper's wooing and the paternal wrath.

"My dear, I don't wonder that your father was angry," cried the Vicar's wife. "Why, Mr. Piper is the very man for you. The idea occurred to me soon after Mrs. Piper's death. But I didn't mention it for fear of alarming your delicacy. Such a good homely creature—an excellent husband to his first wife—and so wealthy! Why, you would be quite a little queen. How lucky I was mistaken about Cyril! What a chance you would have lost if you had married him!"

Bella shuddered.

"Yes, it would have been a pity," she said.

And then she thought how, if Cyril had loved and married her, she, who was just wise enough to know herself full of faults, might have grown into a good woman; how, looking up at that image of perfect manhood, she might have learned to shape herself into ideal womanhood. Yes, it would have all been possible if he had only loved her. His love would have been a liberal education.

Love had been denied her; but wealth and all the advantages wealth could give might be hers.

"I really begin to think that I was very foolish to refuse Mr. Piper," she said.

"My love, excuse me, but you were simply idiotic. However, he is sure to renew his offer. I shall call and see those dear children of his to-morrow. And when he asks you again, you will give him a kinder answer?"

"Yes," said Bella, with a long-drawn sigh. "Since every body thinks it would be best."

Every body did not include Beatrix Harefield. Bella had not consulted—nor did she mean to consult—her old friend and playfellow. She knew quite well that Beatrix would have advised her against a mercenary marriage, and, in spite of all her sighs and hesitations, Bella's sordid little soul languished for the possession of Mr. Piper's wealth.

Mrs. Dulcimer was delighted at the notion of conducting a new courtship to a triumphant issue. She put on her best bonnet early in the afternoon, and went to pay her first visit to the Park, feeling that it behooved her to bring matters to a crisis.

Mr. Piper was at home, seated on a garden chair on his well-kept lawn, basking in the sunshine, after a heavy dinner which went by the name of luncheon. He had a sleek, well-fed look at this stage of his existence which did not encourage sentimental ideas; but Mrs. Dulcimer looked at the big white house with its Doric portico, the stone vases full of bright scarlet geraniums, the velvet lawn and gaudy flower beds, the belt of fine old timber, the deer park across the ha-ha, and thought what a happy woman Bella would be as the mistress of such a domain. She hardly gave one thought to poor Mr. Piper. He was only a something that went with the Park, like a bit of outlying land, which nobody cares about, tacked on to a large estate.

"I hope your dear children are all well and strong?" said Mrs. Dulcimer, after she had shaken hands with Mr. Piper, and they had confided to each other their opinions about the weather. "I came on purpose to see them."

"You shall see them all presently, mum," replied Mr. Piper. "The school-room maid is cleaning 'em up a bit. They've been regular Turks all this blessed morning. They've lost their guvness."

"Why, how is that?" cried the hypocritical Mrs. Dulcimer. "Bella is so fond of them. She is always talking of her clever little pupils."

"She's left 'em to shift for themselves, for all her fondness," said Mr. Piper; and then, being of a candid nature, he freely confided his trouble to the Vicar's wife. He told her that he had asked Bella to marry him, and she had said no, and upon that they had parted.

"It was better for her to go," he said. "I couldn't a-bear the sight of her about the place under the circumstances. I should feel like the fox with the grapes. I should be always hardening my mind against her."

"Dear! dear!" sighed Mrs. Dulcimer. "I'm afraid you were too sudden. A woman is so sensitive about such matters. I dare say you took that poor child by surprise."

"Well, mum, perhaps I may. I'd been thinking of making her an offer for a long time, but it may have come on her like a thunder-clap."

"Of course it did. And, being shy and sensitive, she naturally said no."

"Don't you think she meant no?" asked Mr. Piper, swinging himself suddenly round in his garden chair and looking very warm and eager.

"Indeed I do not. She was with me yesterday afternoon, and I thought her looking ill and unhappy. I felt sure there was something wrong."

"Now you look here, Mrs. Dulcimer," said the widower. "I'm not going to offer myself to that young woman a second time, for the sake of getting a second refusal; but if you are sure she won't say no, I don't mind giving her another chance. I'm not a proud man, but I've got a proper respect for myself, and I don't want to be humiliated. I sha'n't ask her again unless I'm very sure of my ground."

"Come and take tea with us to-morrow evening," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "I'll get Bella to come too, and you'll be able to judge for yourself. Bring some of your dear children."

"Thank you, mum, you're very kind; but I think, until some of the Turk has been flogged out of them, I'd rather not take them into company. But I'll come myself, with pleasure, and if you like to ask Bella Scratchell, I've no objections to meet her."

Mr. Piper's olive-branches now appeared, newly washed and combed and in their Sunday clothes. Thus attired, they looked a little more vulgar than in their every-day garments. They were all angles and sharp lines, and looked embarrassed by their finery, which was all calculated to give them pain, from the corkscrew curls at the top of their heads to the tight new shoes upon their afflicted feet.

Naturally Mrs. Dulcimer pretended to be enraptured with them. She discovered in one an extraordinary likeness of his papa, in another a striking—yes, painfully striking—resemblance to her poor dear mamma. She asked them questions about their studies and recreations, and having completely exhausted herself in less than ten minutes of this kind of thing, she rose to wish Mr. Piper and his young family good-by.

"At seven to-morrow, remember," she said.

"I shall be there, mum," answered Mr. Piper.

CHAPTER XLI.

MR. PIPER IS ACCEPTED.

Mrs. Dulcimer's tea party was a success. Bella appeared in her prettiest muslin gown—an embroidered Indian muslin that Beatrix had given her, with a great deal besides, when she went into mourning. She wore blue ribbons, and was bright with all the color and freshness of her young beauty. Mr. Piper felt himself very far gone as he sat opposite her at tea. He hardly knew what he was eating, though he was a man who usually considered his meals a serious part of life, and Rebecca had surpassed herself in the preparation of a chicken salad.

The evening was lovely, the sunset a study for Turner, and after tea Mrs. Dulcimer took Mr. Piper into the garden to show him her famous tea-roses. Once there, the worthy manufacturer was trapped. Bella was in faithful attendance upon the Vicar's wife, and presently Rebecca came, flushed and breathless, to say that her mistress was wanted, whereupon, with many apologies, Mrs. Dulcimer left Mr. Piper and Miss Scratchell together.

"Bella can show you the rest of the garden," she said as she hurried off.

"Take me down by the gooseberry bushes, Bella," said Mr. Piper. "It's shadier and more retired there."

And in that shady and retired spot, with the rugged old plum-trees and pear-trees on the crumbly red wall looking at them, and the happy snails taking their evening promenades under the thorny gooseberry bushes, and the luxuriant scarlet-runners making a curtain between these two lovers and the outside world, Mr. Piper, in fewest and plainest words, repeated his offer, and this time was not refused.

"Bella," he exclaimed, with a little gush of emotion, putting his betrothed's small hand under his elephantine arm, "I'll make you the happiest woman in the three Ridings. You shall have every thing that heart can wish. Poor Moggie never could cotton to her position. My good fortune came too late for her. She had got into a groove when I was a struggling man, and in that groove she stuck. She tried hard to play the lady; but she couldn't manage it, poor soul. She was always the anxious, hard-working housewife at bottom. There's no rubbing the spots out of the leopard's hide, or whitening the Ethiopian, you see, Bella. Now you were born a lady."

Bella simpered and blushed.

"I shall try not to disgrace your fortune," she said, meekly.

"Disgrace it! Why, you'll set it off by your prettiness and your nice little ways. I mean to get you into county society, Bella. I never tried it on with Mrs. P., for I felt she wasn't up to it; but I shall take you slap in among the county folks."

Bella shuddered. The little she had seen and heard of county people led her to believe that they were very slow to open their doors to such men as Mr. Piper.

"Mrs. P. never had but one hoss and a brougham," said the widower, walking his chosen one briskly up and down behind the curtain of scarlet-runners. "You shall have a pair. I think you was made for a carriage and pair. Shall it be a landau or a b'rouche?"

Bella opined, with all modesty, that she would perfer a barouche.

"You're right," exclaimed Mr. Piper; "a woman looks more queenly in a b'rouche. And you can have poor Mrs. P.'s brougham done up for night work. And you shall have a chaise and the prettiest pair of ponies that can be bought for money, and then you can drive me about on fine afternoons. I'm getting of an age when a man likes to take his ease, and there's nothing nicer, to my fancy, than sitting behind a handsome pair of ponies driven by a pretty woman. Can you drive?"

"I dare say I could if I tried," answered Bella.

"Ah, I'll have you taught. You'll have a good deal to learn when you are Mrs. Piper; but you're young enough to take kindly to a change in your circumstances. Poor Moggie wasn't. Her mind was always in the bread pan or the butcher's book."

In this practical manner were matters settled between Mr. Piper and his betrothed. The widower called upon Mr. Scratchell next day, and obtained that gentleman's consent to his nuptials. The consent was granted with a certain air of reluctance, which enhanced the favor.

"As far as my personal respect for you goes, there is no man living I'd sooner have for a son-in-law," said Mr. Scratchell; "but you'll allow that there is a great disparity of age between you and my daughter."

Mr. Piper was quite willing to allow this.

"If I couldn't marry a pretty girl, I wouldn't marry at all," he said. "I don't want a housekeeper. I want some one bright and pleasant to look at when I come home to dinner. As for the disparity, well, I sha'n't forget that in the settlement I mean to make upon Bella."

This was exactly what Mr. Scratchell wanted.

After this every thing was speedily arranged. Mr. Piper was an impetuous man, and would brook no delay. He would like to have been married immediately, but he was persuaded, for decency's sake, to wait till October. Even this would be very soon after the late Mrs. Piper's death; but the indulgent Mrs. Dulcimer argued that a man in Mr. Piper's forlorn position, with a young family running to seed in the custody of servants, might be excused if he hastened matters a little.

So Bella set to work to prepare her trousseau, which was by far the most interesting part of the business, especially after Mr. Piper had slipped a little bundle of bank-notes into her hand one evening at parting, which bundle was found to amount to five hundred pounds. Bella spent long afternoons shopping at Great Yafford, attended by her mother and sisters, who all treated her with a new deference, and were delighted to hang upon her steps and look on while she made her purchases. She had already begun to taste the sweets of wealth. Her betrothed showered gifts upon her, and positively overwhelmed Mrs. Scratchell with garden-stuff and farm produce. It was a time of plenty which the little Scratchells had never imagined in their wildest dreams. Mr. Piper tipped them all round every Sunday afternoon. His pockets were like the silver mines of Mexico. He was a man overflowing with new half crowns and fat five-shilling pieces—noble-looking coins that seemed to be worth a great deal more than five meagre shillings.

Beatrix was horrified when she heard of her friend's engagement.

"Oh, Bella, how could you?" she exclaimed. "You are sacrificing yourself for the sake of your family."

Bella blushed, for in her heart of hearts she knew that the interests of her family had been very far from her thoughts when she consented to become the second Mrs. Piper.

"My father and mother had set their hearts upon it," she said.

"But they had no right to set their hearts upon your marrying such a man as that."

"He is a very good man," pleaded Bella.

"Have you really made up your mind to marry him? Do you really believe that you can live happily with him?" asked Beatrix, earnestly.

"Yes," sighed Bella, thinking of the barouche and pair, the pony-carriage, the huge barrack of a house at the end of an avenue of elms, the dignity and importance that all these things would give her. "Yes, I have quite made up my mind, Beatrix. It will be such a good thing for my family—and I believe I can be happy."

"Then I will not say another word against Mr. Piper. Indeed, I will try my best to like him."

"He has a very good heart," said Bella—"really a noble heart."

"And that is of more consequence than the kind of English a man talks."

"And he is very intelligent," said Bella, anxious to make the best of her bargain. "You should hear him talk of Jeremy Bentham. Papa says it is quite wonderful."

"And what about his children, Bella? Are they nice? Do you feel that you can love them?"

Bella involuntarily made a wry face.

"They are not very nice," she answered, "but it will be my duty to love them, and of course I shall do it."

This conversation took place at the Water House one afternoon at the beginning of October. Beatrix and her companion, Madame Leonard, had been away for nearly two months, living quietly at Whitby and other sea-side places, and Beatrix had come back improved in health and spirits.

Sir Kenrick had been absent six months, and was likely to return at the end of the year, unless the war continued. He would not care to leave the army while there was any hard fighting going on and his regiment was in the thick of it. Mrs. Dulcimer loudly lamented this Burmese outbreak, which made it impossible for Kenrick to sell out with a good grace yet awhile. She was always talking to Beatrix about him, and entreating to hear little bits of his letters. Lately there had been an irregularity in the letters. Kenrick's regiment had been moving about. He had been off the track of civilization and postal facilities.

One morning in October, just a week before Bella's wedding day, there came a startling letter—a letter which Beatrix brought to Mrs. Dulcimer.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" cried the Vicar's wife, "something dreadful has happened to Kenrick. I see it in your face. Is he dead?"

This last question was almost a shriek, and it was evident that Mrs. Dulcimer was ready to go into hysterics at a moment's notice.

"No," answered Beatrix, "but he has been severely wounded, and he is on his way home."

"Coming home!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer. "How delightful! But severely wounded! How dreadful!"

"He writes in very good spirits, but I think, though he hardly admits as much, that he has been badly hurt, and very ill from the effects of his wounds," said Beatrix. "He wishes you and Mr. Dulcimer to go to Southampton with me to meet him."

"Dear boy, how touching! Read me a little of the letter. Do, my love."

Beatrix complied, and read all her lover's letter save those little gushes of sentiment which she would have considered it a kind of treason to confide even to Mrs. Dulcimer.

"It is selfish of me to ask you to take so much trouble, perhaps," he wrote, "but it would make me very happy if you would come to Southampton to meet me. I know our good friends the Dulcimers would bring you, if you expressed a wish to that effect. I want to see you directly I land, Beatrix. I want your dear face to be the first to smile upon me when the steamer touches the English shore. The journey would be interminable if I had to wait till the end of it to see you. I am not very strong yet, and should be obliged to travel slowly. But if you will meet me and greet me, I think all my ills will be cured at once. A week or so at Culverhouse, with you for my daily companion, will make me as strong as a lion. I am bringing you home a poor little leaflet of laurel, dear, to lay at your feet. That last skirmish of ours brought me to the fore. Happy accidents favored me, and our chief has said all manner of kind things about my conduct at the retaking of Pegu. I come back to you a major. I have not said a word yet about selling out. That shall be as you wish; but I confess that my own inclination points the other way. This last business has made me fonder than I used to be of my profession. I have tasted the sweets of success. What do you think, love? Could you be happy as a soldier's wife? I write this at Alexandria. The steamer leaves to-morrow, and ought to arrive at Southampton on the 7th or 8th of November. Shall I be so blest as to see you among the eager crowd on the quay when she steams into the famous old docks, whence so many a soldier has gone to his fate—where there have been such sad partings and joyous meetings? Come, love, come, and let me think I do not return unlooked for and unloved."

"What do you think I ought to do, Mrs. Dulcimer?" asked Beatrix, humbly.

"Do, my love? Why, go, of course. There isn't a doubt about it. Clement and I will take you."

"You are very good," faltered Beatrix. "Yes, I will go to meet him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We announced some time ago the departure of Professor E. S. **Morse** for Japan, with the design of making inquiries into the marine invertebrates of the coast. We now learn that the Japanese government has engaged his services for two years as Professor of Natural History in the university, and as a member of the corps of the Tokio Museum. At last advices he had a station on the sea-coast, where he was prosecuting dredging and other investigations with great success.

The recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Plymouth, England, was, as usual, the occasion of the presentation of many important communications in theoretical and applied science. There was nothing specially new or noteworthy, but the usual record of scientific advancement throughout the world was made. The meeting is not considered as having been so successful as some of its predecessors, owing largely to the want of interest in Plymouth and the surrounding towns, as shown in the small number of local memberships.

The first positive movement of the International Commission of the African Association is about to be made in the dispatch from Europe of a party under M. **Crespel**. This will at first establish dépôts at Zanzibar, and at some point in Unyamwesi, after which it will proceed to Lake Tanganyika, and organize a station there. Mr. **Cambier** accompanies the expedition as astronomer and geographer, Dr. **Maes** as naturalist, and M. **Marno** as general assistant.

Few persons realize the enormous amount of steel annually consumed in the manufacture of pens, diminutive as these objects are, while at the same time there are few objects of metal that serve a less important purpose after they have been used. Most pieces of metal can be made to yield something of their cost as raw material, but we never hear of any one saving a worn-out steel pen for any further purpose.

The importance of economy in this direction led a German inventor, Mr. **Reisenbichler**, to entertain the idea of making a steel pen pointed at both ends, so as to double its durability, and on the same principle to reduce by one-half the proportional amount of material. He has accordingly patented a pen of this kind, and proposes to enter upon its manufacture. The pen can be used in any holder, but he has devised one of special construction for more conveniently inserting and inverting the pen itself.

The Portuguese expedition for exploring the western coast of Africa has by this time left the coast for the interior. It is in charge of Major **Pinto**, Captain **Capello**, and Lieutenant **Ivens**, of the Portuguese service, all of whom have had more or less experience in African research. They are well provided with instruments, and much of interest is looked for as the result of their labors.

A French organization is, it is said, engaged in bringing to notice the proposed Central American interoceanic route of **De Puydt**. This starts on the Atlantic side at Puerto Escondido, 140 miles southeast of Panama, and follows the valley of the Turgandi, which runs nearly north and south, and then takes a southeasterly direction and enters the valley of Tanéla. The line crosses the Cordillera range between the Mali and Estola peaks, where it attains a height of about 153 feet above the level of the sea. From that point the line is continued on the Pacific side to the valley of the Pucro. The canal proper would be about sixty miles long, without any locks, and would be supplied with water from a reservoir to be established on the Pucro.

As might be expected, the question of the probable appearance in Europe of the Colorado beetle has occupied largely the attention of the meetings of sections in various European scientific bodies, and at the late meeting of the British Association Mr. **M'Lachlen** comforted his hearers by expressing his belief that there was no occasion for the panic into which the authorities of Great Britain had been thrown in regard to this pest. While admitting the necessity of some legislation, he thought it very doubtful if the insect could be acclimatized in Great Britain, referring to its failure to extend itself in the United States westward from the Rocky Mountains. He thinks this is due to the peculiarities of the climate, which are shared to a certain extent by Great Britain. He relied, however, upon another generalization—that American animals, as a rule, could not be acclimatized in England, although American plants flourished very extensively. He also thought the larger number of insectivorous birds in Europe, especially the rook (absent in America), would be a great safeguard.

In reply to the latter argument, however, it was remarked that rooks, in common with other insectivorous birds, have a great distaste to the potato leaf, and that they probably would not be more disposed to eat the leaves when contained in the stomach of a larva than in the natural condition. To this it might have been replied that experience has shown in many cases that although at first sight a particular insect or plant is avoided by certain birds, yet if any one among them can be induced to begin, others will follow, and after that all antipathy apparently disappears.

The commissioners of the Scotch sea fisheries report quite an unsatisfactory yield for the year 1876 as compared with that of previous years, the decrease in the number of cured fish as compared with 1875 amounting to 341,782 barrels. This, however, they do not ascribe to any diminution in the fish themselves, but to various unpropitious circumstances which combined to produce this result. The schools of herring appear to have been as large as usual, but the numerous gales during the most critical part of the season kept the vessels on shore. On the 3d of August, in the height of the season, the east coast was visited by a storm of extreme violence, which produced great havoc among the boats and nets, and, by causing considerable loss of life, drew off the attention of the fishermen from their work. In the Montrose district alone 1000 nets were destroyed by a single storm. In addition to the unfavorable condition of the weather, there appeared also an extraordinary influx of dogfish, even in districts where they have been comparatively rare for the last ten years.

A novelty in connection with the herring fisheries consists in the use of carrier-pigeons for supplying intelligence of the results of the night's fishing before the boats arrive, and also in conveying intimations when a steam-tug or other assistance is required. It is thought that the advantages derived from the first year's experiments are so patent that carrier-pigeons will be universally employed. The commissioners also report the increasing use of barometers and thermometers for determining the physical conditions of success in their fisheries, these being supplied by the Meteorological Department of London. As a general result, it has been found that during the season high sea temperatures are accompanied by diminished catches, and low sea temperatures by increased catches. Investigations are now in progress as to the relations between the surface temperatures and the sunlight upon the depth at which the schools of herring are to be found. The number of boats engaged in the Scotch fisheries was 14,547; of men and boys, 45,265; and the value of equipment was estimated at about $5,640,000—a considerable increase since 1875.

THE GREAT DEVIL-FISH.

For many years past there have been traditions of the existence of enormous cuttle-fish or squid in the Newfoundland seas, and many stories have been told by fishermen on the Banks of encounters with such monsters. By many these stories were rejected; and, as with those of the sea-serpent, it was insisted that the appearances must have been caused by some common object, perhaps in an unusual condition, or associated with others. A few years ago, however, a specimen of the giant squid was actually obtained by the Rev. M. **Harvey**, of St. Johns, and portions of it sent, by way of attest, to the principal museums in the United States and Canada. Professor **Verrill** had the opportunity of examining most of these fragments, and published an account of the species in the *American Journal of Science* of February, 1874. He identified it as the *Architenthis monachus* of **Steenstrup**, found in the North Atlantic. The article was reproduced in the *American Naturalist* of January and February, 1875, with a figure that furnishes an excellent idea of the appearance of the animal. A second species of this genus was described as new by Professor **Verrill**, from the jaw taken from the stomach of a sperm-whale, and which indicated an animal longer and larger in every way than the previous one.

On the 24th of September of the present year the United States Fish Commissioner, then at Halifax, was notified by Mr. **Harvey** of a second specimen, which had gone ashore at Catalina, Trinity Bay, after a gale. Although alive when found, it died soon after being taken out of the water. Mr. **Harvey** purchased it for the National Museum at Washington, but subsequently a higher offer being made by an agent of the New York Aquarium Company, it was sent to that establishment, where it will probably be the centre of attraction to numerous visitors.

Careful measurements of the animal were made by Mr. **Harvey**, and were as follows: of the ten arms, the two long ones measured thirty feet in length, five inches in circumference in the thinner portion, and eight inches at the broad ends; the short arms were eleven feet long, and seventeen inches in circumference at the base; the body was nine feet six inches in length, the head four feet in circumference, the diameter of the eyeball eight inches, and the flap of the tail measured two feet nine inches across. It was therefore considerably larger than the one originally described by Professor **Verrill**. The head, with the long arms attached, was cut off for convenience of handling. The eyeballs of the specimen were destroyed, though in perfect condition when taken and brought into St. Johns.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At an evening party in the Faubourg St. Germain the conversation turned upon the word "kiss" (*baiser*). "Oh," said a member of the Institute, "it is derived from a Sanscrit expression, meaning to open the mouth." An old mathematician who was seated in a corner was asked his opinion. "Kissing," he answered, quietly, "is an operation which consists in the approach of two curves which have the same bend, as far as the point of contact." Not bad for a *savant*.

A Boston car carries the announcement in a placard that "this car can not wait for ladies to kiss each other good-by."

Mars has three moons, which naturally suggests the question, How the deuce is a young fellow of Mars going to walk with his best girl along the shady side of the avenue, when moonbeams are converging on every inch of pavement from both sides and above?

"Is this Alder Creek?" inquired a tourist of an intelligent foreigner in Oneida County. "Yah, dis vas all der creek dat I knows of round here," replied the person addressed.

When a woman makes up her mind that a hen shall not set, and the hen makes up her mind that she will, the irresistible meets the immovable, and every law of nature is broken or perverted.

Great contest after two months of married life: which shall be speaker of the house.

(*Overheard the other day on the cars just as the shrill whistle announcing the departure of the train was given*) "What species of light refreshment does that whistle resemble?" "Give it up." "A nigh scream."

The difference between a tenant and a widow's son is this: the one has to pay rents the other has not two parents.

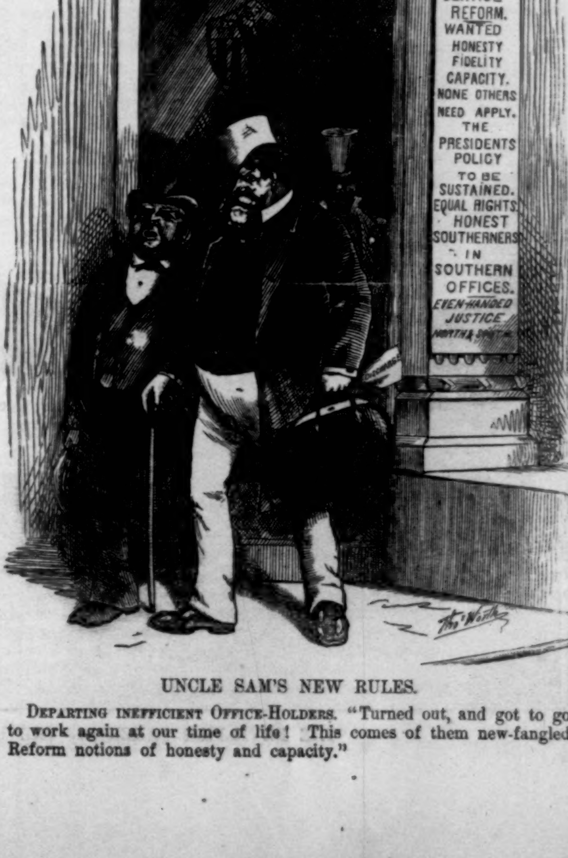
A lawyer and a minister were both indebted to their landlady, and were too poor to pay. They determined upon the following plan of canceling the debts: the lawyer married the lady, and the minister performed the ceremony.

Check-Mate—A liberal husband.

Learned professors have occasionally been outwitted by the sayings of the simple. Dr. Hill, an Edinburgh professor of the last century, met in the suburbs of the city an inoffensive creature who was generally regarded as an imbecile. Somewhat irritated by the creature's intrusion on the privacy of his walk, the professor said to him, "How long, Tom, may one live without brains?" "I dinna ken," said Tom: "how lang hae ye lived yersel?"

"Why, Smith is dead!" exclaimed an indignant friend to Brown, "and you told me his fever had gone off." "If you had not interrupted me with your gabble," replied Brown, "I should have told you that he had gone off with it."

A farmer being poorly provided with materials of sustenance for his men, fed them with pork cooked with the rind upon it. A young man of the company, not liking that outer portion of the food, was observed by the host to be carefully removing the outside covering, whereupon the latter said, "Young man, we eat the rind and all here." To which the youth replied, "All right, old man; I'm cutting it off for you."


U.S. GOVERNMENT
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM. WANTED HONESTY FIDELITY CAPACITY. NONE OTHERS NEED APPLY. THE PRESIDENTS POLICY TO BE SUSTAINED. EQUAL RIGHTS. HONEST SOUTHERNERS IN SOUTHERN OFFICES. EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE NORTH & SOUTH
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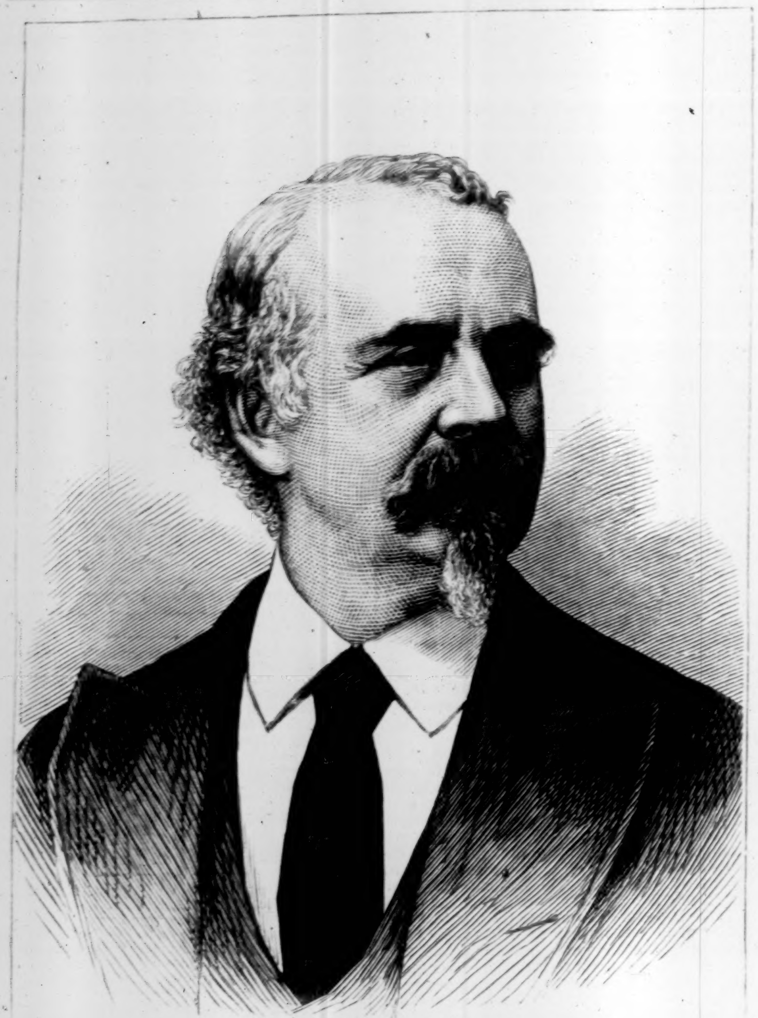
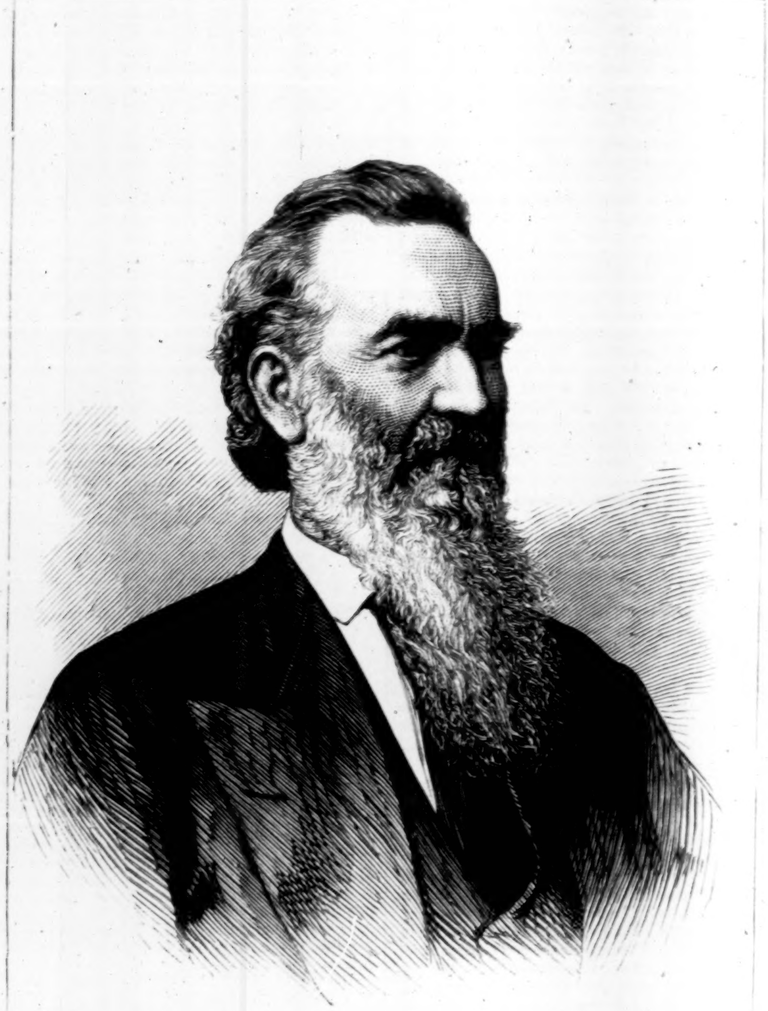
UNCLE SAM'S NEW RULES.

Departing inefficient Office-Holders. "Turned out, and got to go to work again at our time of life! This comes of them new-fangled Reform notions of honesty and capacity."



THE HON. JOHN R. BRADY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS].



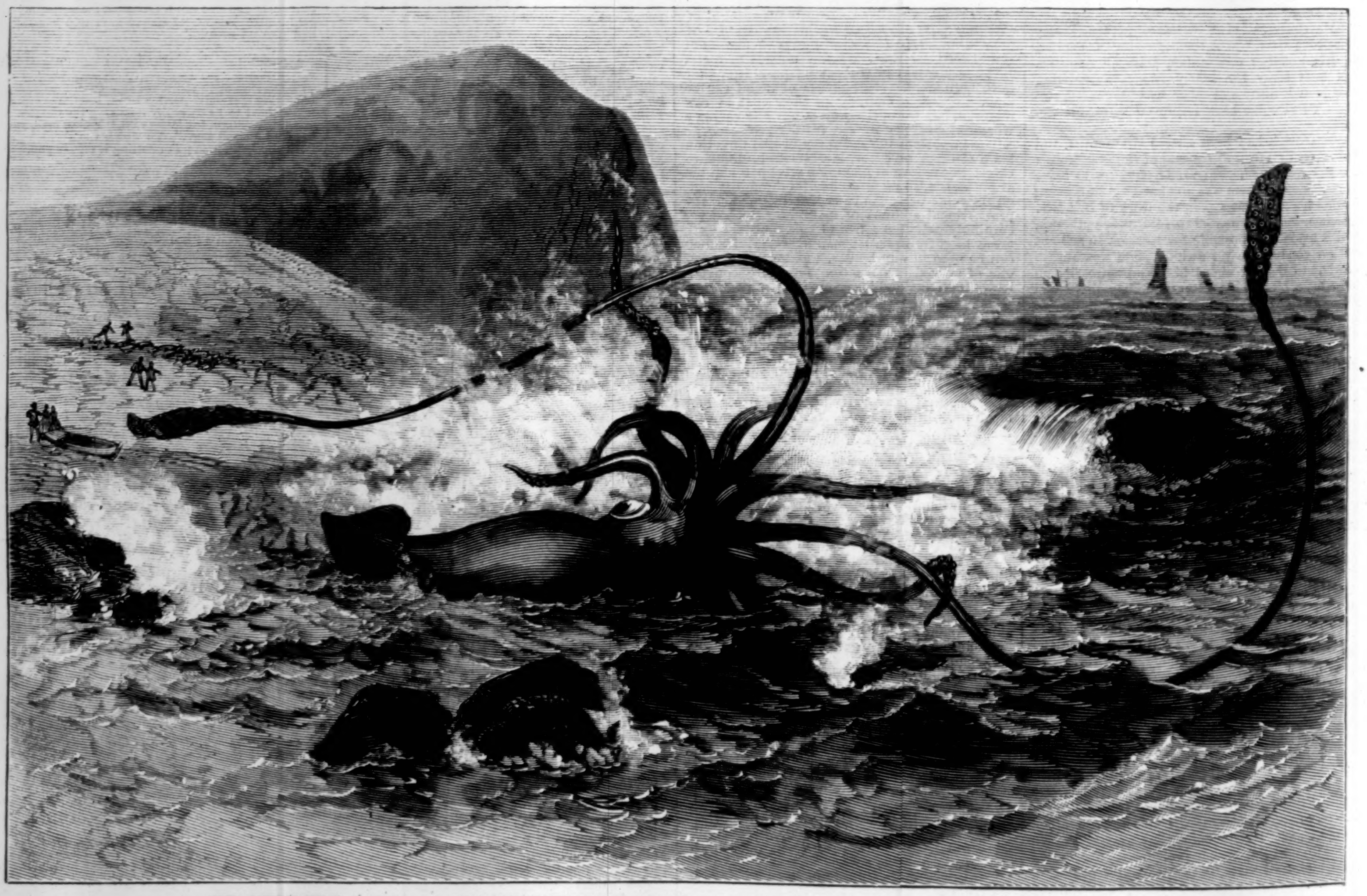
THE HON. R. M. BISHOP.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. LANDY.]

THE HON. JOHN R. BRADY.

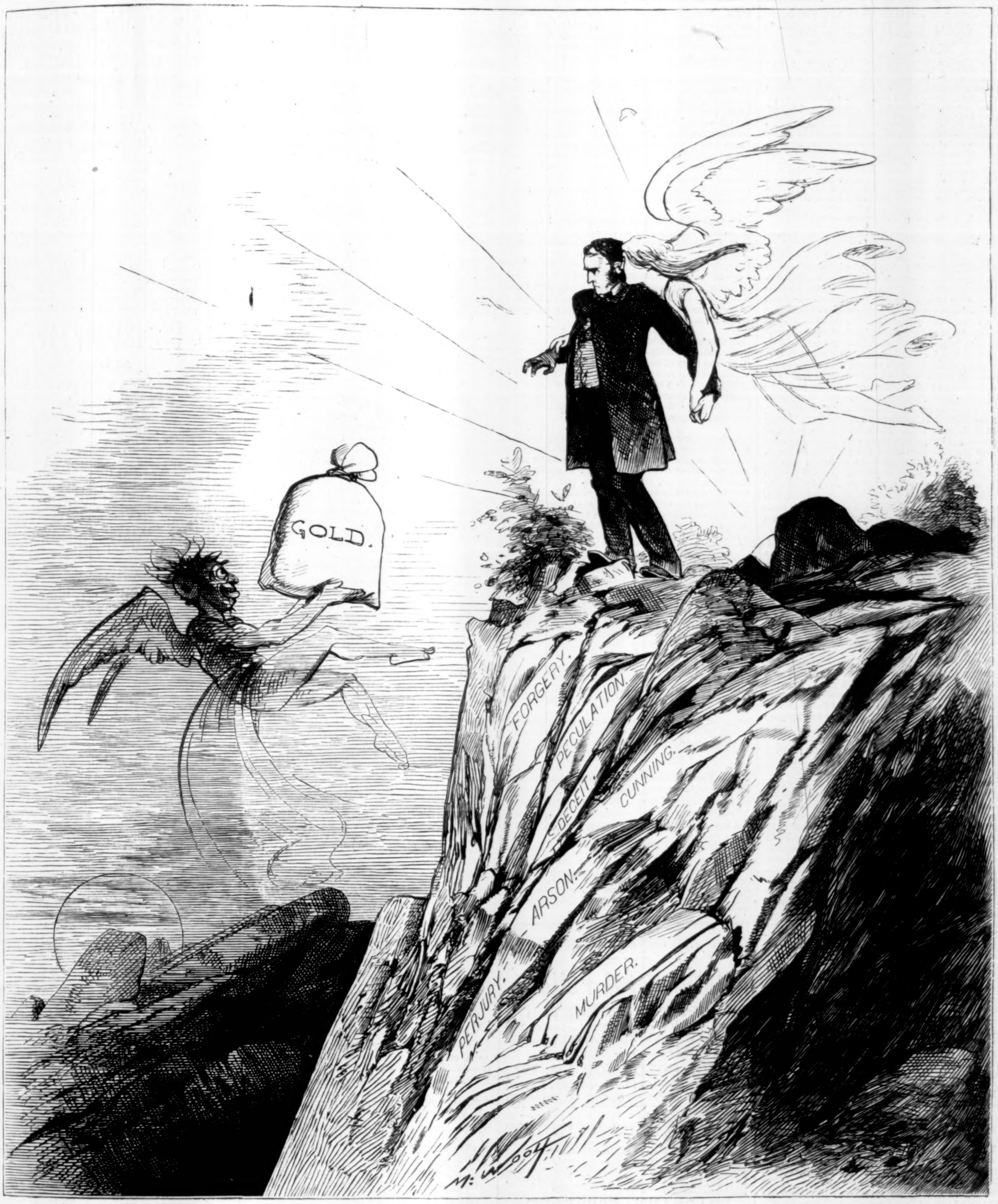
THE Hon. JOHN R. BRADY has received from every political organization in the First Judicial District a renomination for Justice of the Supreme Court. A higher or more deserved tribute to the capacity and integrity of one of the ablest and most highly esteemed gentlemen on the bench could not be paid. Judge BRADY was first elected to the Common Pleas in 1856. In 1862 he was unanimously re-elected, having received, then as now, the compliment of a nomination from every political organization in the city. In 1867 he was re-elected by a majority of 60,000. In 1869 he was, against his own wishes, nominated for Justice of the Supreme Court—the nomination seeking him, not he the nomination. The ability and industry with which he has discharged the laborious and most responsible duties of that office during the past eight years are best attested by his spontaneous renomination by the representatives of all parties. During his service of more than twenty years on the bench he has enjoyed the respect of the bar and the community alike for the purity of his personal character and his ability and integrity as a judge.

THE HON. R. M. BISHOP.

THIS gentleman, Governor elect of Ohio, was born in Fleming County, Kentucky, November 4, 1812. At an early age he went into business, and in 1847 removed to Cincinnati, where he established a wholesale grocery house. Possessed of great energy and business capacity, he soon established himself on a firm basis, and his house grew to be second to none in the West. He began public life in 1857, as a member of the Cincinnati Common Council. Two years later he was elected Mayor. His administration was so excellent that at the close of his term of office he was tendered a renomination by the Republican as well as the Democratic party, but the demands of business compelled him to decline. He was a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention in 1873, and exercised great influence in the deliberations of that body. Mr. BISHOP is deeply interested in educational matters. He is President of the Board of Curators of Kentucky University, the largest educational institution in the State of Kentucky, and one of the largest in the West. He is a Curator of Bethany College, Virginia, and was for many years a Trustee of M'Micken Uni-



THE DEVIL-FISH TAKEN ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST, NOW IN THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.—[SEE PAGE 867].



A SHORT ROAD TO WEALTH—A CARTOON FOR THE HOUR.—[Drawn by M. Woolf.]

versity of Cincinnati. At the recent election for Governor, Mr. **Bishop** was successful over his Republican competitor by a majority of more than 25,000 votes.

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

The corner-stone of the monument at Schuylerville to commemorate the surrender of Burgoyne a hundred years ago was laid on the 17th of October, in the presence of a very large assemblage of people. Flags were flying in all parts of the village, and private residences and places of business were gayly decorated. At early dawn visitors poured into the village from all directions, and in vehicles of every description. There were fine military and Masonic displays.

At two o'clock the corner-stone was laid by the Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York, Joseph J. Couch, assisted by representatives of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Master used in this ceremony a gavel made from the wood of the Charter Oak. The orators of the day were ex-Governor Horatio Seymour and Mr. George William Curtis. Mr. Seymour's address referred chiefly to the topography of the country, and its features as a theatre for strategic operations. In conclusion he said:

"We are told that during more than twenty centuries of war and bloodshed only fifteen battles have been decisive of lasting results. The contest of Saratoga is one of these. From the battle of Marathon to the field of Waterloo, a period of more than 2000 years, there was no martial event which had a greater influence upon human affairs than that which took place on these grounds. Shall not some suitable structure recall this fact to the public mind? Monuments make as well as mark the civilization of a people. Neither France, nor Britain, nor Germany could spare the statues or works of art which keep alive in the minds of their citizens the memories of patriotic sacrifices or of personal virtues. Such silent teachers of all that ennobles men have taught their lessons through the darkest ages, and have done much to save society from sinking into utter decay and degradation. If Greece or Rome had left no memorials of private virtues or public greatness, the progress of civilization would have lost a powerful stimulus. If their crumbling remains should be swept away, the world would mourn the loss not only to learning and arts, but to virtue and patriotism. It concerns the honor and welfare of the American people that this spot should be marked by some structure which shall recall its history, and animate all who look upon it by its grand teachings. No people ever held lasting power or greatness who did not reverence the virtues of their fathers, or who did not show forth this reverence by material and striking testimonials. Let us, then, build here a lasting monument which shall tell of our gratitude to those who through suffering and sacrifice wrought out the independence of our country."

The address of Mr. Curtis was in the main a sketch of the military operations that culminated in the surrender of Burgoyne. He closed as follows:

"It is the story of a hundred years ago. It has been ceaselessly told by sire to son along this valley and through this land. The later attempt of the same foe, and the bright day of victory at Plattsburg on the lake, renewed and confirmed the old hostility. Alienation of feeling between the parent country and the child became traditional, and on both sides of the sea a narrow prejudice survives, and still sometimes seeks to kindle the embers of that wasted fire. But here and now we stand upon the grave of old enmities. Hostile breastwork and redoubt are softly hidden under grass and grain; shot and shell and every deadly missile are long since buried deep beneath our feet, and from the mouldering dust of mingled foemen springs all the varied verdure that makes this scene so fair. While nature tenderly and swiftly repairs the ravages of war, we suffer no hostility to linger in our hearts. Two months ago the British Governor-General of Canada was invited to meet the President of the United States at Bennington, in happy commemoration, not of a British defeat, but of a triumph of English liberty. So upon this famous and decisive field let every unworthy feeling perish! Here, to the England that we fought, let us now, grown great and strong with a hundred years, hold out the hand of fellowship and peace! Here, where the English Burgoyne, in the very moment of his bitter humiliation, generously pledged George Washington, let us, in our high hour of triumph, of power, and of hope, pledge the Queen! Here, in the grave of brave and unknown foemen, may mutual jealousies and doubts and animosities lie buried forever! Henceforth, revering their common glorious traditions, may England and America press always forward side by side, in noble and inspiring rivalry, to promote the welfare of man!

"Fellow-citizens, with the story of Burgoyne's surrender—the revolutionary glory of the State of New York—still fresh in our memories, amid these thousands of her sons and daughters, whose hearts glow with lofty pride, I am glad that the hallowed spot on which we stand compels us to remember not only the imperial State, but the national commonwealth whose young hands here together struck the blow, and on whose older head descends the ample benediction of the victory. On yonder height a hundred years ago Virginia lay encamped. Beyond, and further to the north, watched New Hampshire and Vermont. Here, in the wooded uplands at the south, stood New Jersey and New York, while across the river to the east, Connecticut and Massachusetts closed the triumphant line. Here was the symbol of the Revolution—a common cause, a common strife, a common triumph; the cause not of a class, but of human nature; the triumph not of a colony, but of United America. And we who stand here proudly remembering; we who have seen Virginia and New York, the North and the South, more bitterly hostile than the armies whose battles shook this ground; we who have mutually proved in deadlier conflict the constancy and the courage of all the States, which, proud to be peers, yet own no master but their united selves—we renew our hearts' imperishable devotion to the common American faith, the common American pride, the common American glory. Here Americans stood and triumphed. Here Americans stand and bless their memory. And here for a thousand years may grateful generations of Americans come to rehearse the glorious story, and to rejoice in a supreme and benignant American nationality!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Many things done in the name of economy prove both foolish and criminal extravagance. It appears that Fernandina, Florida, has always been a remarkably healthy city until it was recently visited with the yellow fever scourge. The immediate causes of this fatal epidemic were traced to the uncleanly condition of certain sections of the city. The municipal authorities, finding the treasury impoverished this year, concluded to "economize;" so drainage and proper sanitary regulations were neglected. The result is that out of a population of two or three thousand persons, something like a thousand have had the fever, and many still are ill. It is true that the disease proved to be a mild type, and perhaps not more than sixty deaths have occurred. But such a number, in so small a city, is a fearful loss, and those who remain are suffering greatly in many ways. The complete suspension of business has cut off all opportunities of employment among the laboring classes, and the citizens generally, having exhausted their own resources, have become dependent upon outside relief. Appeals for help have been met by a generous public; and as cold weather will soon check the spread of the fever, it is hoped that the stricken city will speedily rally from the suffering and impoverishment following the ravages of this dreadful plague.

The Council-General of Gandeloupe has offered a reward of $20,000 for a new process to extract the juice of the sugar-cane, at a cost not to exceed forty per cent. of the market value of the product. Here is a chance for American inventors.

During the month of August eighty-seven sailing vessels of different nationalities were reported lost, and ten steamers.

A monument to the memory of Roger Williams was last week dedicated in Providence. It consists of a granite pedestal surmounted by two bronze statues—one of History, in classic drapery, and the other of Roger Williams, clad in the costume of Puritan times. The statues were modeled in Rome by the sculptor Simmons, and cast in Munich.

Although it is late to make arrangements, there is yet a chance that American industries may be fairly represented at the coming Paris Exposition. At a largely attended meeting recently held in this city, an organization was perfected, and officers chosen for the purpose of taking such measures as are necessary to secure this object. The French nation has always manifested great interest and cordiality in regard to our international exhibitions; the French exhibits at the Centennial last year were elegant and various; and it is natural that the French government should expect that the United States, so noted for her industries, should contribute her share toward making the Exhibition of 1878 successful and interesting. It is to be hoped that American manufacturers will have a creditable exhibit at Paris next year.

Not long ago six sailors were brought before an English magistrate for refusing to sail in a vessel named the *Truelove*. The ship was built in 1764, and the crew engaged to go in her without knowing her antiquity. When they learned the fact, they feared to trust their lives in her across the Bay of Biscay. An investigation was ordered to be made into the condition of the vessel by the Board of Trade.

At a recent meeting of the American Society of the Red Cross, held in this city, it was decided that literary, social, and dramatic entertainments be given to obtain funds for the sick and wounded Russian soldiers.

Experiments made with the telephone in English coal mines show that it will prove valuable, and it is stated that it is to be introduced in Pennsylvania coal mines.

The United States Supreme Court has rendered important insurance decisions, by which is settled the vexed question of the right of a company to protect itself against the claims following suicides. It has been argued that certain phraseology in policies did not apply to an insane person who took his own life. But the court says that if the companies "are at liberty to stipulate against hazardous occupations or unhealthy climates, or death by the hands of the law, or in consequence of injuries received when intoxicated, surely it is competent for them to stipulate against an intentional act of self-destruction, whether it be the voluntary act of a moral agent or not. It is not perceived why they can not limit their risks in any manner they see fit, provided the assured is told in proper language of the extent of the limitation, and it is not against public policy."

Many rare and valuable works are on the shelves of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society's library. Probably the library is the best of its kind in the country, if not in the world. Members have access to it at any time, and a cordial invitation has been extended to all friends of horticulture from abroad to make visits to the library rooms when they are in Boston.

M. Thiers is said to have left a fortune of something like $2,700,000. It is thought probable that this wealth was largely the result of fortunate investments of money received from his works.

Tobacco has been furnished to the Penitentiary convicts on Blackwell's Island for the past twenty-three years—so the warden says. Therefore it was not so very strange, when the supply was suddenly stopped as a measure of retrenchment by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, that great dissatisfaction arose. In fact, the men finally threw down their tools and refused to work unless the weed was supplied. A few ringleaders had induced an open revolt. However, the prisoners were all safely secured, and the leaders put in irons, and quiet was restored.

Our Postmaster-General has recently received a communication from the British Post-office Department, stating that as several live specimens of the Colorado beetle have been discovered in the mails from the United States, it has been found necessary to take precautions against the admission of this destructive insect into the United Kingdom. It is feared by the British office that many newspapers and packages containing them pass without detection, and it desires the friendly assistance of the United States Post-office Department in putting a stop to the practice of sending beetles as mail matter.

On September 8 there was opened in Berlin an international exhibition of articles connected with the leather industry. The American exhibit, being the first opportunity publicly afforded in Germany for showing the perfection to which the manufacture of boots and shoes by machinery has attained in the United States, excited much interest, and the fullest tribute was paid to the ingenuity and enterprise exhibited. There are now forty shoe factories in Germany using American machinery.

In a recent report of the New York Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor it is recommended "that the right of suffrage be denied to every individual receiving relief for himself or family from the public funds, as a proper check upon the spread of pauperism." It certainly does appear that permanent pauperism is getting to be about as respectable as industrious independence.

Cigarettes were first made in the French government manufactories in 1843, and the manufacture was confined to one establishment. At the present time they are made at seven factories—in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Morlaix, Nancy, Nantes, and Toulouse. Two thousand workmen are employed, and more than 400,000 kilograms of tobacco are used annually. In addition, cigarettes are made with foreign tobacco at Gros-Caillou, and sold to the government at a fixed price.

A blast-furnace has been erected on Front Street for the consumption of city garbage—a sort of experiment which may prove a decided relief in regard to the long-mooted garbage question. It will consume seventy-two cart-loads in twenty-four hours. But the city has some three or four thousand cart-loads to dispose of every day. The refuse is cast into the furnace just as it is received—ashes, animal and vegetable matter, etc. Eighty-eight per cent. of this passes off in vapor, which is utilized in the blasts. The remaining twelve per cent. flows out from the crucible in liquid form, which, when hardened, closely resembles the slag produced in iron furnaces. It is hard, black, and odorless, and it is thought will be useful in road-making and for ship ballast, if it can not be used for other purposes. If furnaces of this kind are to be used, they should be erected where they will by no possibility prove a nuisance to human beings.

The Northwestern Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has successfully passed a most rigid examination. Its unusually large dividends to policy holders, economical management, and low rates recommend it to every body.—[*Com.*]

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Interest due and unpaid on bonds and mortgages		222,511.05	
Interest due and accrued on premium notes		141,500.92	
			643,189.90
Bills receivable			17,813.94
Deferred premiums		214,945.56	
New "		29,977.66	
Renewal "		214,866.66	
			459,789.88
Cash in office		2,759.00	
Cash in bank		627,208.65	
			629,967.65
Ledger accounts	$ 2,552.89		
Agents' debits	29,936.41		
		32,489.30	
Deduct Company's debits	8,271.21		
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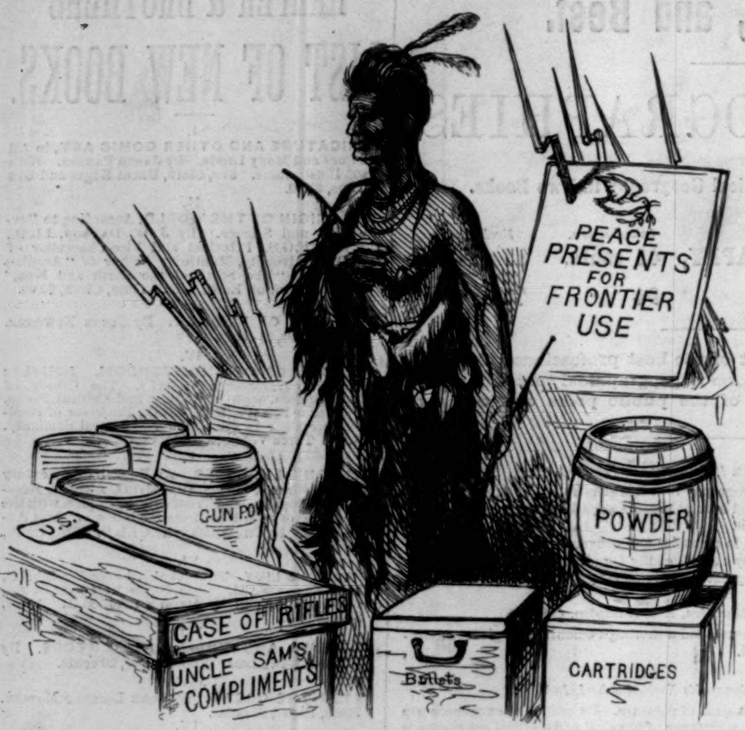

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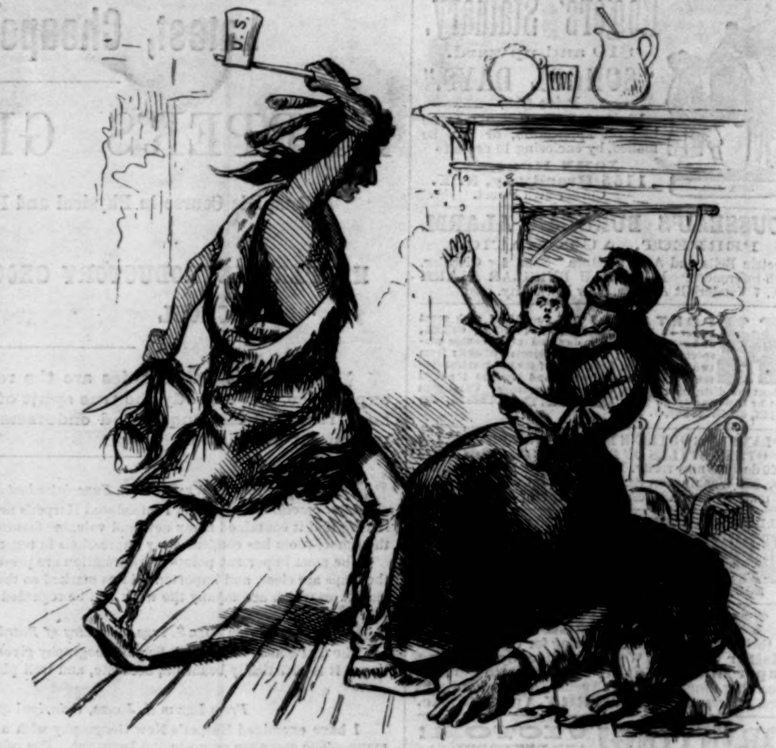

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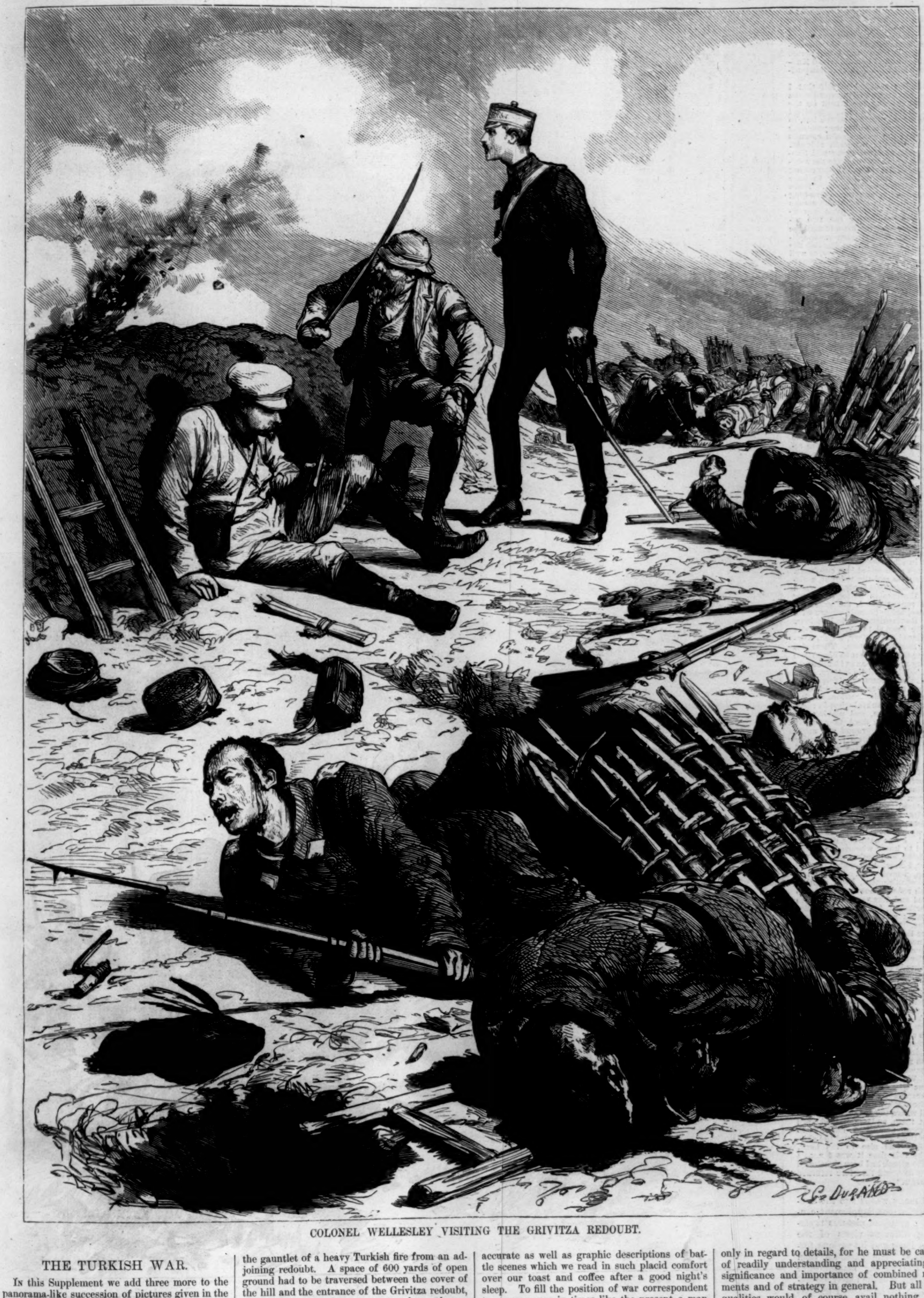


COLONEL WELLESLEY VISITING THE GRIVITZA REDOUBT.

THE TURKISH WAR.

In this Supplement we add three more to the panorama-like succession of pictures given in the *Weekly* illustrative of the more striking events of the war. Those of our readers who have followed the text which from week to week accompanies the engravings will remember that the last issue of the paper contained a somewhat lengthened description of the memorable week's fighting before Plevna, which culminated in the capture of the Grivitza redoubt. This important outwork was no sooner in the hands of the Russians than a band of adventurous correspondents and artists, headed by Colonel Wellesley, the British military attaché, determined upon visiting it—a feat which could only be accomplished by running the gauntlet of a heavy Turkish fire from an adjoining redoubt. A space of 600 yards of open ground had to be traversed between the cover of the hill and the entrance of the Grivitza redoubt, during which time they were exposed to a shower of bullets. In the sketch Colonel Wellesley may be distinguished at once by his soldier-like bearing, while the comfortable attitude of the individual at his feet, taken in connection with those unmistakable badges of office, pencil and pad, show him to be a member of the noble army of newspaper correspondents.

Before transcribing the account of the observations gathered through so much peril of life and limb, however, we pause for a moment to draw attention to the labors performed by this class of men, to whom we are indebted for the accurate as well as graphic descriptions of battle scenes which we read in such placid comfort over our toast and coffee after a good night's sleep. To fill the position of war correspondent to a newspaper in times like the present, a man must be possessed of qualifications which are only united in individuals in rare instances. He must, in the first place, be healthy and vigorous, and capable of bearing fatigue and privation; he should be active and self-denying; he should ride well and speak various languages; he should be imposing enough in appearance to inspire respect in a cut-throat Bashi-Bazouk or a marauding Circassian. It is also needless to say that he should be a person of strong nerves, and not overanxious for his personal safety. Military knowledge and experience are absolutely essential, and these not only in regard to details, for he must be capable of readily understanding and appreciating the significance and importance of combined movements and of strategy in general. But all these qualities would, of course, avail nothing if he were wanting in literary art, which enables a writer to portray effectively what he has seen.

With this preface, as a compliment to his qualifications, and an expression of our appreciation of his labors, we will proceed to quote the account of the visit to Grivitza as told by the correspondent of the London *Daily News:*

"As the position we occupied yesterday on the height above Radisova had the double advantage of the best view of any assault on the intrenched camp opposite, and also of any thing occurring on the Russian left flank near Plevna, I rode thither, passing under a very heavy cross-fire as I traversed the valley and the way between the Turkish and Russian batteries. Reaching the Russian positions, I rode along the reserve slope of the Radisova height until I came behind our old observatory of yesterday, and I remounted the ridge to find our old friend **Krüdener**'s left flank battery still in position.

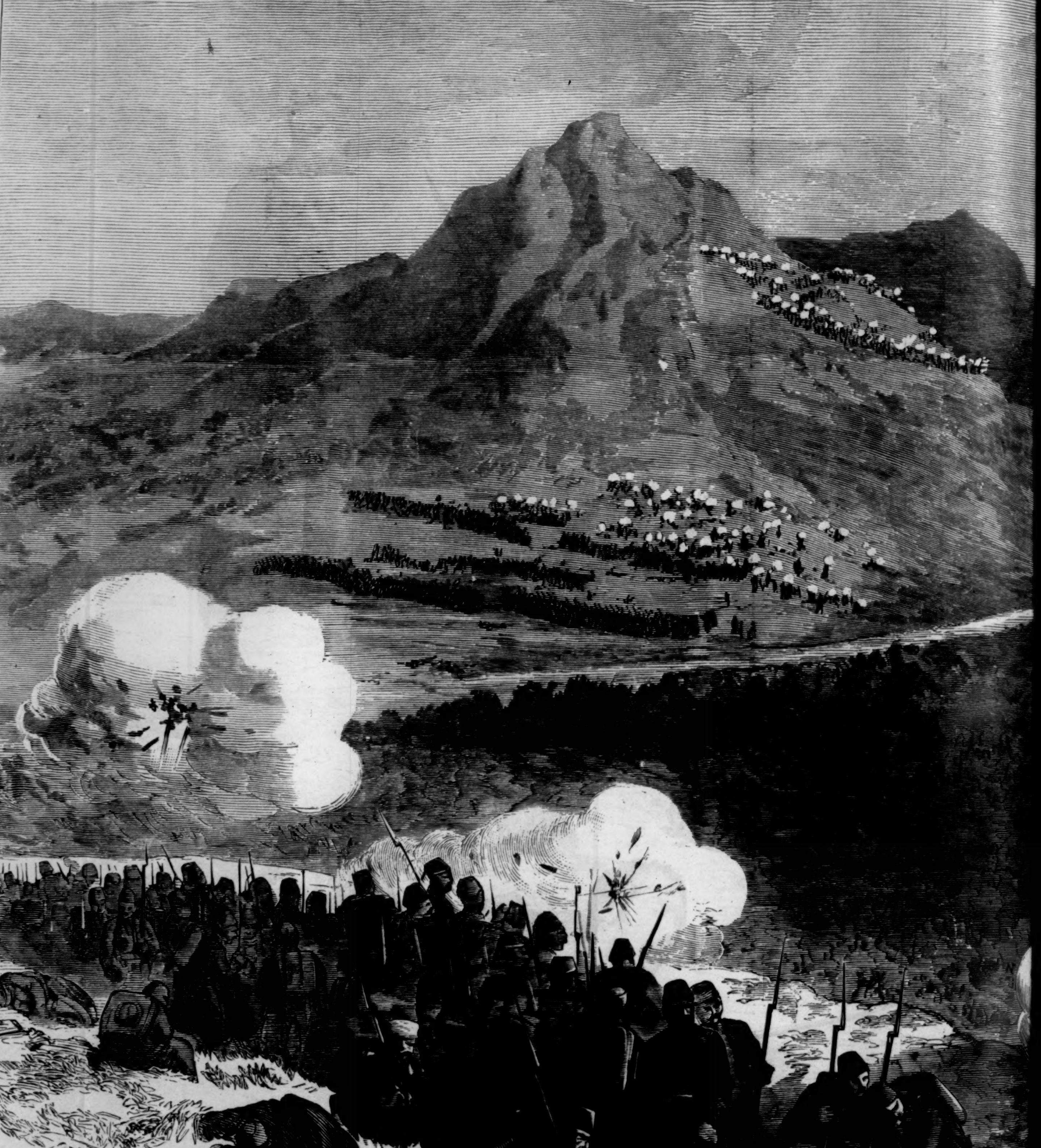
"Having satisfied myself that I might push on a little nearer Plevna without missing the attack on the Turkish intrenched camp opposite, I made my way further to the left, to the tree beneath which we yesterday witnessed the unsuccessful assaults on the Turkish mamelon redoubt. The guns of **Meritinsky** and **Skobeloff**, which half encircle the western half of the valley, were pounding away, but did not appear to have made much advance, if any. There soon, however, became visible a long line of fitful puffs of bluish smoke out of the wood which faces the covered way connecting the two redoubts covering the town toward the southwest. This rifle fire was speedily answered by a line of Turkish fire from behind the covered way, as well as a hot fire from some shelter trenches in the middle of the valley which separated the combatants.

"Having watched this apparently harmless duel for some time, we came under the notice of the Turkish skirmishers in the valley too closely to render it advisable to remain here any longer. I therefore remounted and returned east along the reverse flank of the Radisova height, with intent to cross the valley, and, if possible, get into the Grivitza redoubt. On my way every now and then I had a glimpse of the slowly progressing, or, indeed, almost stationary, attack on the Turkish intrenched camp opposite. I descended the slope into the valley, crossed it, and made my way up through the village of Grivitza toward the redoubt.

"I was here told that it would be impossible to ride up into the redoubt, for as soon as I left the covered way by the hillock, I should come to an open gap between it and the redoubt, which is continually swept by two Turkish guns. Intent on persevering, I observed a short way off a ditch running up the hill in the direction of the redoubt. This I determined to avail myself of as far as it reached, and leaving my horse, I commenced my way up the ditch, which was filled with Roumanian infantry. After meandering about in all directions, I found that the ditch soon ended in a *cul-de-sac*. Between me and the redoubt, a distance of about 600 yards, there was a small Roumanian battery, and for this I ran at speed, the ground I traversed being literally strewn with dead Roumanians and Russians. The fire seemed to become heavier as I neared the battery, which, however, I reached in safety. There was nothing for it now but to commence running again as soon as I had caught my breath in the little battery. The Roumanian officers squatting in the entrance of the redoubt shouted to me to run in their direction. This I did, and was thankful when in rushing among them, and picking my way through the dead, they pulled me down to the ground and made me squat beside them for security against the continuous shower of lead.

"In the centre of the redoubt is a kind of traverse, and a curious covered corridor runs around it. In this I imagine the Turks sought protection from the shells which fell into it unintermittently for so many days before its capture. An incessant rain of bullets poured over the works as I made my way over the bodies on the ground. I was naturally deeply interested to know whence the Turks were firing, and having reached the parapet, I crawled up, and taking off my cap, peeped over. To my immense astonishment, I saw another Turkish redoubt not more than two hundred and fifty yards from us, to the northwest, from which this fire was being maintained. The Roumanians, it appears, had failed to capture this redoubt; but it is absolutely necessary that they should become masters of it, as their position is rendered almost untenable by its remaining in the hands of the Turks. The fire had not diminished as I returned from the redoubt down hill toward the village, and the correspondent of the *Scotsman*, who had joined me, was struck by a bullet on the ankle, which, however, did little harm, only grazing his ankle bone.

"We rested a little behind the hillock, where the Roumanian reserves were lying, and then pushed back in order to see what progress was being made toward the Turkish intrenched camp. We had scarcely left the Roumanians when a tremendous Turkish shrapnel fire, which searched most thoroughly the reverse slope of the hill where they were, was opened against them, and maintained until they were compelled slightly to change their position; and the skirmish line had also to fall back. Since by this time it was 6 P.M., I knew the attack had been abandoned for that day, and therefore returned to quarters."



TURKS ATTACKING THE RUSSIA PO

Not many weeks ago the double page of our Supplement contained a group of pictures representing different views of the Shipka Pass and its various fortifications. The sketches then given showed the magnificence and grandeur of the lonely mountain gorge, overshadowed by that impressive silence which is found only in the recesses of the hills. Now we have a view of the great quiet slopes alive with the tread of armies and vocal with the horrible din of war. Shipka Pass, it will be remembered, was invested by the Russians, who intrenched themselves immediately after the abandonment of the trans-Balkan campaign. Here they quietly awaited the advance of the Turks under **Suleiman Pasha**, who was thus compelled to attack the front of a formidable position.

Why no attempt was made by the Turks to defend the pass will always remain a mystery; but the Russians were allowed to establish themselves there without opposition. Finally, however, the Turkish commanders seem to have become aware of the folly of their course of action, and determined upon a vigorous attempt to carry the Russian position. On Monday, the 20th of August, a large body of troops were assembled at the village of Shipka, an hour's march from the heights occupied by the outposts of the invading army. By the following morning the troops had reached the crests of the crags, 5000 feet high, and faced the Russian intrenchments. Operations commenced at daybreak, the Russians taking the initiative by an attack on the Turkish commanding position made by the tirailleurs, who were supported by a regiment of the Ninth Division. Almost at the same moment the Turks extended their left flank with intent to push across the deep valley intervening, and gain the summit of the ridge in the rear of the Russian positions, and so hem them in. The two forces met in the valley separating the parallel ridges held by either party. The fighting became at once fierce and stubborn. Owing to the bareness of the Russian slope the men went down into battle without cover, raked by the bullets of the Turkish infantry, who fired from their wooded slope, and by the shell fire from the mountain batteries on the summit. There were no supports nearer than Tirnova,
posed that it became
ammunition to the ba
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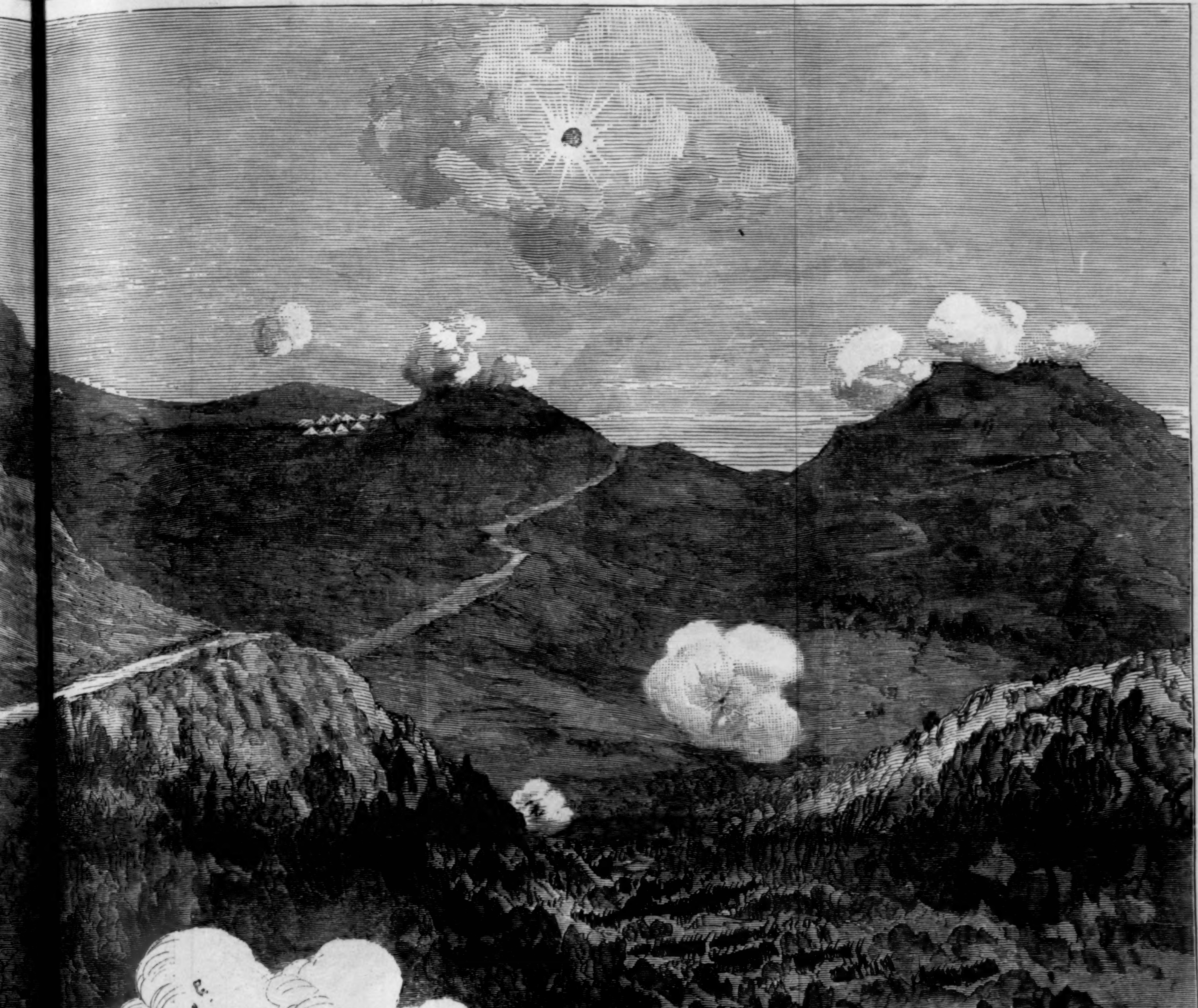

USSIA POSITION IN THE SHIPKA PASS.

Tirnova, he roads were so ex-
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points o ourse, and, indeed, to
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dered th ks from gaining any
antage, th they forced the outer line of the Russian trenches on the slopes below the position of Mount St. Nicholas, the highest point in the Shipka Pass.

On the second day, Wednesday, the 22d, the fighting was not heavy, the Turks being engaged in making a wide turning movement on the right and left flanks of the Russian position. This comparative lull was but temporary, however, for on the following day the conflict began again in earnest. The Turks assailed the Russians on the front and flanks, and drove them in from their outlying ground. Now for the first time the radical defects of the position became painfully apparent—its narrowness, its exposure, its liability to be outflanked and isolated. Fortunately re-enforcements arrived and averted the danger which menaced the invaders. In the mean time General **Stoletoff** had done his best, and showed himself in good fighting order, even after four long days of intense mental and physical strain, but he could not perform impossibilities with 50,000 men thundering on his front and flank. There had come to him, however, swiftly marching from Selvi, a brigade of the Ninth Division, commanded by another valiant soldier, General **Derotchinski**, and this timely succor proved of material value to the distressed commander. Still, as the hours went on, matters began to look dark again. The fight lasted all day, and at length, as the sun grew lower, the Turks had so worked round on both the Russian flanks that it seemed as though the claws of a crab were about momentarily to close behind the Russians, and that the Turkish columns climbing the Russian ridge would give a hand to each other on the road in the rear of the Russian position.

Matters now became intensely dramatic. The Russian generals began to despair, and a last telegram was sent to the Czar, between the threatening claws, telling what the forces had done and the fate that menaced them, when suddenly the head of a long black column became visible against the reddish background of the road leading up from the Jantra Valley. With a feeling of relief too deep for expression, the officers recognized the Rifle Brigade, the same which followed General **Gourkho** in his victorious advance and checkered retreat, and which, after marching fifty-five kilometers straight on end without cooking or sleeping, now goes into action without so much as a breathing halt. Such is the stuff of which thorough good soldiers are made. Their general, the gallant **Tzwitinsky**, accompanied them, and pushed an attack on the enemy's position on that wooded ridge on the Russian right. But **Radetzky**, who himself brought up the tirailleurs, and so at the least reckoning saved the day, marched on up the road with his staff at his back, ran the triple gauntlet of the Turkish rifle fire, and joined the other two generals on the peak hard by the batteries of the first position. As senior and highest officer present, he took command, complimenting General **Stoletoff** on his excellent disposition of the forces and the stubbornness of his defense.

The following morning at daybreak the attack was renewed by the Turks. The fighting hung very much in the valley, and the re-enforcements of the Ninth and a division that were sent down effected perceptible good. About nine o'clock General **Dragimiroff** arrived with two regiments of the Second Brigade of his own division. He left in reserve near the *khan* (inn) the Jitomer Regiment, and marched up the road to the first position. There was no alternative but to traverse this fearfully dangerous road, for the lower broken ground on its left was impracticable, and reported, besides, to be swarming with Bashi-Bazouks. The Jitomer men lost heavily while making this promenade, and having reached the peak, found no safe shelter, for the Turkish rifle fire was coming from two quarters simultaneously. So the infantry were stowed away till wanted in the ditch of the redoubt. General **Radetzky** and his staff remained on the slope of the peak, and here General **Dragimiroff** joined and was welcomed by his chief. The firing in the valley waxed and waned fitfully as the morning wore on to near noon. The Turks were very strong in their wooded position, and there was an evident intention on their part to work round their left flank and edge in across the narrowed throat of the valley toward the Russian rear. The Russian tirailleurs meanwhile pressed close to them, taking advantage of their enemy's cover. Occasionally, however, they would be hurled back from the wood, the Turks following them to its edge, pouring down meanwhile a galling fire. The fight had now reached a critical point; and General **Radetzky**, conceiving that he saw an opportunity, took personal command of a reserve company belonging to the Jitomer Regiment, dashed across the open into the wood beyond, and, after some hot bayonet-work, the Russian hurras told that the position had been won. The Turks, however, tried to retake the ridge, but were repeatedly driven back, and at three o'clock their firing had all but died out. General **Radetzky** then came back to the peak of the first position, exhausted but content. He had fought a good fight and won it, and now he determined to strike while the iron was hot, and recover the outlying positions in the front toward Plevna, upon which the Turks had encroached during the first day of the fighting. The Podolsk Regiment was called up from reserve, and went down to attack under cover of a heavy fire of artillery from around and beyond the position on Mount St. Nicholas. This attack was also successful, and General **Radetzky** had increased his elbow-room in front as well as on the